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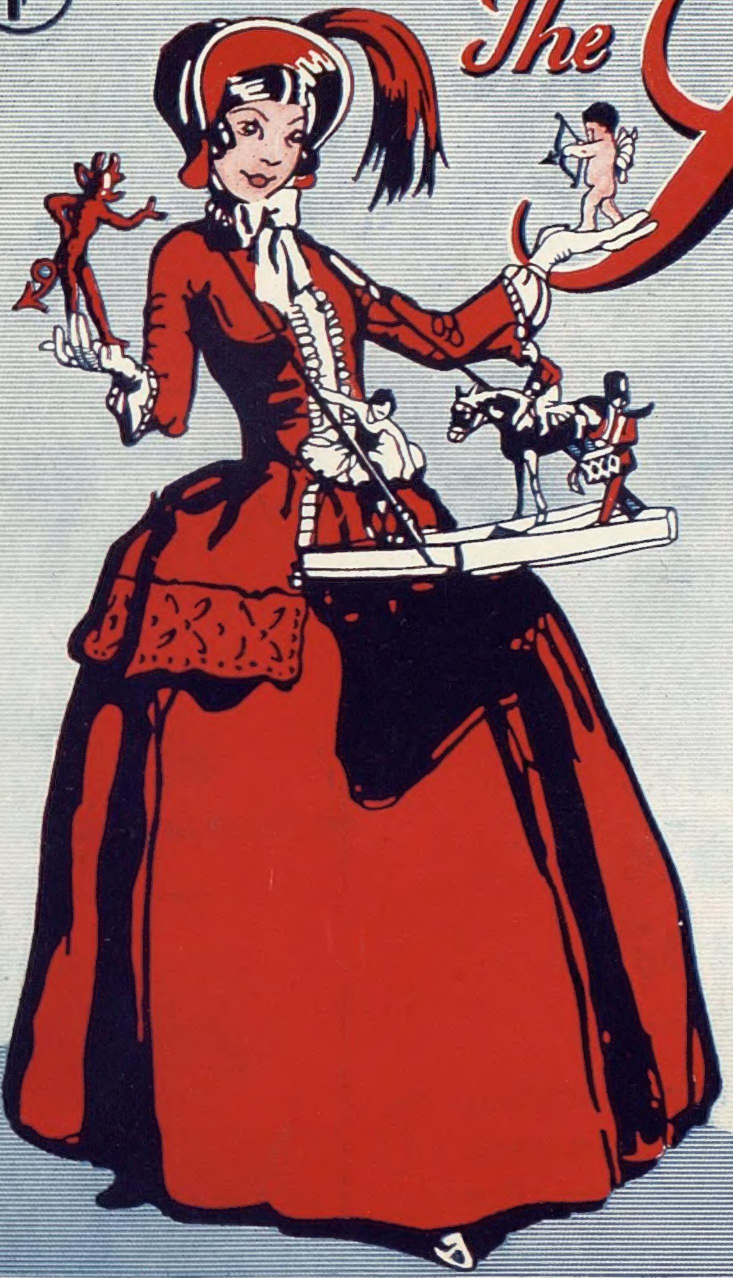
1/-

The Sketch



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The Sketch

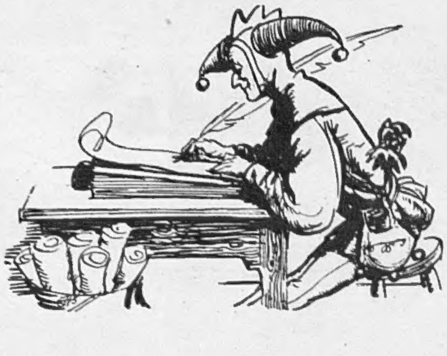
No. 2138.—Vol. CLXV. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

THE SILVER ARIEL—
MISS ELSA LANCHESTER.

MISS ELSA LANCHESTER plays Ariel to the Prospero of her husband, Mr. Charles Laughton, in the Sadler's Wells production of "The Tempest." She looks exquisite in her silver tunic, and, to quote the critic of "The Times," is "a rare creature with extreme swiftness, lightness, vitality, grace, such a translation of airy imagination to bodily form as the stage is seldom blessed with." After this week "The Tempest" will move to the Old Vic.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.



THE MONSTER.

ONCE upon a time (as Mr. Kipling has told us—*vide* "The Finest Story in the World"), two journalists at sea, during a convulsion of nature, had a private view of a monster never before seen by human eye. This, they agreed, was the most superb copy which ever came any lucky journalist's way. Gradually, however, their enthusiasm waned, and before the voyage was ended they were quite clear that, as copy, the monster was a wash-out. Why? Because no editor in the world would accept the story, and the man who offered it would not only lose his job, but would be branded for life as a de Rougemont.

That was some time ago. Things have changed. We now know that a monster is tremendous copy. The total amount of news-space recently devoted to it would far exceed its own over-all measurements. So cautious a journal as *The Times* awards it a place among the notable events of 1933. Further, there is a growing impression abroad that a man is not necessarily a liar or a dipsomaniac because he has seen a monster.

That seems to me only fair. After all, these things do happen North of the Tweed. It will be (as contributors to the Correspondence Column say) within the recollection of readers of this journal that a respectable person named Tam o' Shanter once distinctly saw a monster of a very alarming kind. You never can tell what will happen to you if you go wandering about a Scottish loch. You might go fey, or anything. Not that I suggest that everybody who has seen this monster is fey, or fou' the noo, or anything of that sort; I merely mean that if some apparition of the deep wished to make an impression on the public, it could not choose a better *mise-en-scène* than Loch Ness. Monsters of striking appearance, with leanings towards publicity, must sometimes tire of hiding in the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean, where nobody takes any notice of them.

It is absurd to dismiss this creature as a floating log, or a mere prosaic seal, or spots before the eyes, or somebody's discarded water-wings, or anything of that sort. I am reluctant even to consider it, as one distinguished investigator would have us do, as an overgrown sea-newt. It is a monster, or sea-serpent, if it is anything, and as such it has been definitely recognised by a number of competent witnesses. We already know a good deal about it. We know, for instance, that it has a long neck and a small head. You may say that a good many creatures, including human beings, have long necks and small heads; still, you must admit that a long neck and a small head at least make a good start for a sea-serpent. We know, again, that it is of a length somewhere between twenty and a hundred feet. That may not seem very exact, but if you take a point somewhere between twenty and a hundred feet, it seems a reasonable and probable specification for a sea-serpent. We know that it has humps or kinks, all over it. We know that it has several fins, flanges, flippers, paddles, or shock-absorbers either on its neck or its middle, or its tail—again quite appropriate to a marine monster. There is unanimous evidence that on coming to the surface it lashes about with its tail, as if to indicate that it feels its position keenly, which is very natural in view of the incredulity which it has aroused. It has been filmed. Its tracks have been found on land, for it seems to have shown a laudable desire to be amphibious. Its rights have been recognised by the law, which has forbidden mischievous persons to shoot, harpoon, throw stones at, or otherwise annoy it. The other day it nearly tripped up a motor-cyclist. A price has been put on its head by an enterprising circus-proprietor. On the negative side, we have the authority of Sir James Jeans for saying that it is *not* a brontosaurus. Who said it was? The fact that it is not a brontosaurus—even admitting this for the sake of argument—does not prevent it from still being a perfectly good sea-serpent, does it? Let us not draw a red-herring across a sea-serpent's trail; it isn't fair to the herring.

In view of the accumulated evidence, I deprecate all the reckless scepticism which has been shown about the Monster of Loch Ness. Personally, I have never been able to understand why there should be anything remarkable about a sea-serpent. Every time I go to an aquarium I become more ready to believe that any sort of creature whatever may exist in the sea, and no monster from Scotland or elsewhere could surprise me more than some of the things I have seen in glass tanks and in the vasty deep itself. There are more fish in the sea, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy. Nobody regards an eel as very extraordinary, and yet there is nothing more incredible about an eel magnified into a sea-serpent than there is about a worm magnified into a boa-constrictor. But why, you may ask, in Loch Ness? I can only reply, why not? Why should not an able-bodied young sea-serpent show a spirit of adventure and exploration, and settle down in surroundings which many others, besides sea-serpents, have found congenial? It might well happen that, as the years went on, a monster of this enterprising character would find that, owing to the middle-aged spread which comes to us all, it was unable to leave its loch even if it wanted to. But why should it want to? It is not everybody who can get the fishing of a loch for nothing.

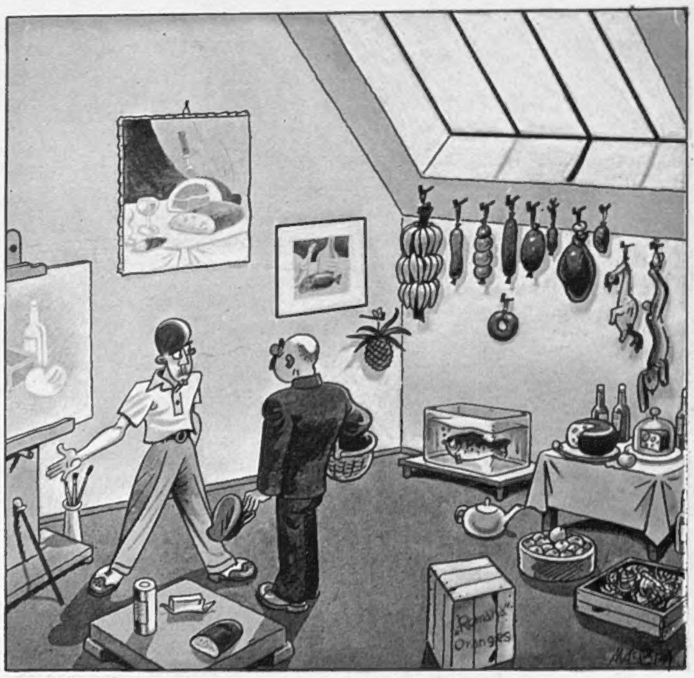
In short, while my natural history may be rotten, my faith is implicit, and when all else have turned against the monster, I will be one of its last defenders. I still hope that the sceptics may be confounded by its capture. I beg to suggest to anybody who has designs on it that a simple method of humane capture would be to lasso it. That is where its long neck would come in handy. Failing this, I suggest that massed bands of pipers might be employed to play continuously all over the loch. In those circumstances, I believe the monster would give itself up quietly. Yes, I still hope to set eyes on the monster—in fact, both of them; for I understand that there are now two at least. And several bobbing up in Sweden and British Columbia. That is the worst of monsters: give them an inch and they will take an eel—I mean an ell. However, the more the merrier!

"THE SKETCH" SILVER PRINTS.

Every week the enthusiasm for our Silver Prints increases. It will be remembered that we began this series of our film favourites, printed by an entirely new method, with a study of Miss Jean Harlow in blue and silver, and followed with others of the Misses Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, and Joan Crawford. On December 27 we began a new series in black and silver with a portrait of Miss Norma Shearer, and continued with studies of the Misses Constance Bennett and Claudette Colbert. This week we give a study of Miss Ruth Chatterton, and next week we shall publish one of

MISS MAE WEST

—"Come up and see me sometime!" We advise all readers interested in this novel and attractive form of portraiture, in which such an extraordinary effect is obtained by the use of silver ink, to place their orders with their newsagents without delay to ensure that they shall not miss any one of this series of Presentation Plates.



THE VERY-STILL LIFE PAINTER (to the insistent tradesman who supplied the "models"): "I am very sorry. I can't pay the bill. Believe me, I've hardly anything to eat."

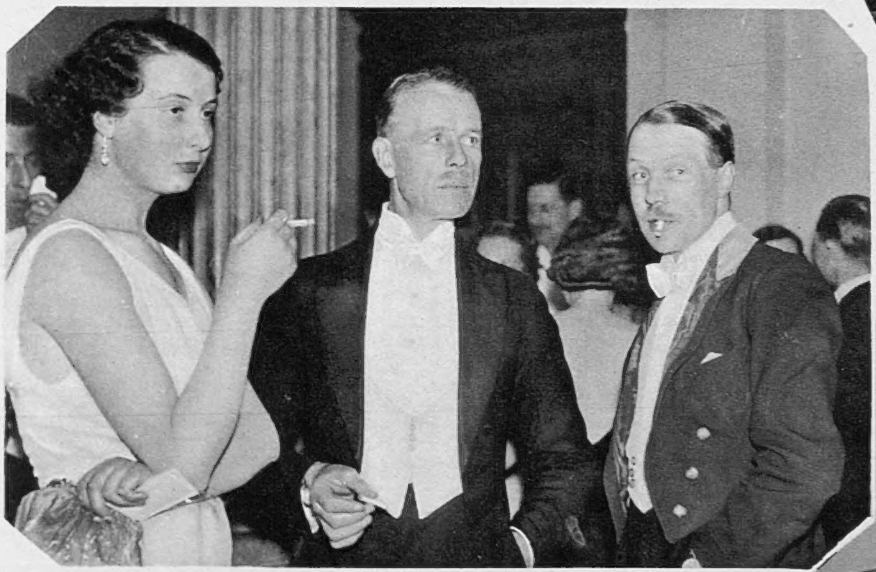
DRAWN BY MACBEA.

SOME OF THE 400

AT THE BERKELEY AND LEDBURY HUNT BALL.

The BERKELEY AND LEDBURY HUNT BALL took place at the Guildhall, Gloucester, and was attended by some four hundred guests. LADY MARY LYGON (l.), LORD SCARSDALE, and LADY SIBELL LYGON are here seen at supper. The Ladies Mary and Sibell Lygon are daughters of Earl Beauchamp.

MRS. CLAY is chatting to MR. J. C. DAVENPORT.



The HON. ROSAMUND DORMER, CAPTAIN O'FLYNN, and LORD DORMER were snapped between dances. Miss Dormer is Lord Dormer's youngest sister. He is the fifteenth Baron and still a bachelor.

MISS GOODWELL, MR. and MRS. BANES WALKER, and MR. COTTER are shown in this group.

LORD and LADY SOMERS came from Eastnor Castle, Ledbury. He was a Steward of the Ball. She was formerly Miss Daisy Finola Meeking.

MRS. ANTHONY BARCLAY is arranging her husband's buttonhole.

SIR FRANCIS ROSE PRICE, BT., LADY STAMER, and MR. VINCENT YORKE, Master of the Ledbury, are at supper. Lady Stamer is the wife of Sir Lovelace Stamer, fourth Baronet. Their place is Ashmead, Cam., Glos.

SNOW ASIDES.

By

PAMELA MURRAY.

ST. MORITZ is going strong, and so 's Miss Nancye Barry, who did the best time in the Cartier Cup and gets better every day. The much-heralded Misses Sale-Barker and Di Crewdson must look to their laurels, or steel edges, as the case may be. I imagine Nancye 's nearly, if not quite, in their England class, but her modesty makes comparison difficult. She talks herself down.

Talking of talking and the England selection problem (more acute these next weeks than the Monster or even Ireland), it will be difficult for the powers not to choose Freddie Cameron. He 's just won the British Ski Club 1934 Championship at Davos. I went over for the Slalom and was frozen to a flag. The fact that the F.I.S. (pronounced "fizz"—meaning *Fédération Internationale de Ski*) happens at St. Moritz in mid-February means (*a*) the late season will be lively; (*b*) Cameron inevitably knows the ground better than the runners from other resorts, as he winters here; (*x*) the unknown quantity—will THEY ask him? Bill Bracken, as our finest ski-er, should be invited, though he would probably refuse, owing to pressure of business at his *Ski-Schule*. The Bracken School 's almost as famous now as the Arlberg School, in whose name so many ungainly crouches are perpetrated.

Enter Jan. 18 in your diaries. At home there 's the Winter Sports Ball for good causes, and abroad there 's the European Skating Championships at Innsbruck. The former means a lot of work for Mrs. Nettlefold, sister-in-law of Mrs. Kenneth Wagg; and at the latter, Jack Dunn will be specially interesting to watch. He 's the most promising skater England has ever produced, according to Captain T. D. Richardson, who knows what he 's skating about. Mr. Hubert Martineau will be one of the judges. I hope the crowd won't feel like lynching him, as they did the umpire who seemed to favour Berlin against Queen's at ice-hockey here the other day. A Frenchman hissed: "*Cet espèce d'haricot.*" I said: "*Pardon—qui?*" thinking the camera might have got in his light. "*L'arbitre, Mademoiselle,*" he reassured me. "*Espèce d'haricot*" is very pleasing. Try it on your dearest enemy.

FAUX PAS. You should not tease Captain Leveson-Gower about calling things by their right names. I 've heard him allude to formidable steel Cresta skeletons as "*luges*," to the funicular as "the scenic railway," and when asked where he 's spent the morning, "Up on the Downs" is the surprising reply.

As I write (unavoidably some days before you read), Mrs. Janet Campbell and Mrs. Desmond Fitz-Gerald are new arrivals, also Borotra. Mrs. FitzGerald 's lovely, and it was time new beauties came out; not that we 're tired of Liza Maugham, Irene Mann-Thomson, Tunie Karri-Davies, the Comtesse Jean de Vogüé, Mrs. Breasted, Mrs. Moffat, Mrs. (Peggy) Harmsworth, and Mrs. (Jean) Norton. The last-named never gave us a chance to admire her in the Bar, *au* Cresta, or any other public place before retiring to England as quietly as she arrived. Her children have stayed on.

A lunch-hour shot at Corviglia Club, high above St. Moritz. MRS. DESMOND FITZGERALD, the Irish beauty, was Miss Villiers before her marriage. She is enjoying her first al-fresco meal since her arrival.

A group of the Cunningham-Reid party about to set out by tractor. The party includes MR. NIALL BEDDINGTON, son of Colonel Claude Beddington; MRS. JOHN BAILEY, daughter of Mr. Winston Churchill; MR. FONTES and MISS FONTES, from South America; and the HON. EILEEN BROUGHAM. The HON. MRS. CUNNINGHAM-REID is Lord Mount Temple's younger daughter.

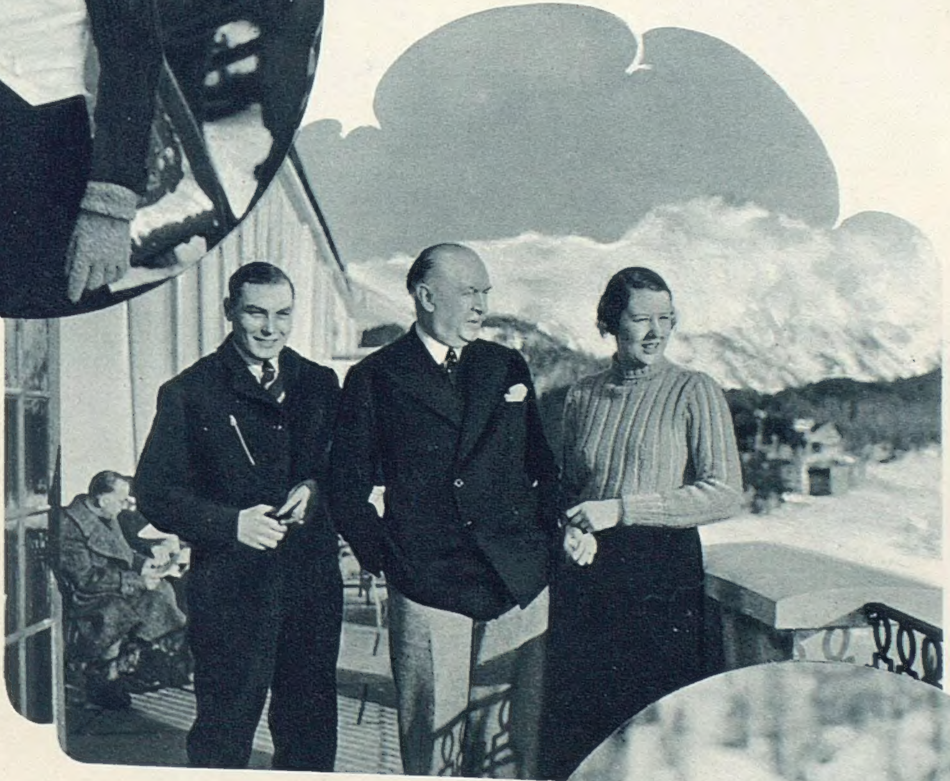
This portrait on a balcony shows the lovely elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, MRS. JOHN BAILEY, resting after a strenuous morning on skis. She is Sir Abe Bailey's daughter-in-law.

It 's interesting to read that Lord Castlerosse likes direct lighting. I 've written hundreds of times that women look their worst in subdued light, such as most restaurants achieve at great expense, while the crowded condition of the Savoy isn't solely due to the way they do soles (sorry), but to becoming brightness. Corviglia Club (to skip up eight thousand feet) isn't wired for night life, but at the full-moon dinner-party we managed nicely with candles in bottles (there were other bottles) and the aid of "a braw, bricht muinlight nicht the nicht," as Mr. Moffat did NOT say, although he hails, I 'm told, from Moffat. Motorists know this spot as somewhere between Ecclefechan (a pronunciation test—and Carlisle's birthplace) and their Highland objective. Its history is that there was a "hydro" which burnt down. Now there 's another. Enough Moffating.

Thanks to Captain Rutherford's careful staff-work, the Corviglia dinner was a success, and thanks to Providence, no legs broke on the downward run. It 's an unforgettably lovely sight and sound when ski-ers, led by guides with torches, skim rustling over the snow, watched by frail funicular-ites who huddle together for warmth in the bitter white night, after eating, drinking, and dancing in the club-room. Through the smoke we noted Mrs. Moffat with Stanley Mortimer, " New York scion " (see any American par.) ; Mrs. Maugham, with Lady Deterding, who made a speech in her attractive, heavily Russianised French, on behalf of the Duc di Sangro, who

MLLE. JACQUELINE CITROËN, the nineteen-year-old daughter of M. and Mme. André Citroën, possesses a smart white leather jacket—one of the best in St. Moritz. It has black knitted sleeves, and with it she wears black plus-fours, white stockings, and black boots.

was too shy to take his call as *"Il Presidente"*; Kirke Macomber, the Duc de Chaulnes, Mme. Robert Revel (that lovely and gracious pillar of French racing), Mlle. Bernstein, daughter of Henri, whose latest play runs at the Gymnase, and the Bartle Bulls. He 's a Canadian about London, and her family used to rent Château de la Garoupe from the Normans. Like Miss Doris Duke, Mrs. Bull 's scared of publicity. This camera-plus-kidnapping complex always denotes America's biggest heiresses—Barbara (Hutton) Mdivani 's an exception.



LADY RHODES with LIEUT.-COL. H. BEASLEY and MR. IVOR BIRT at St. Moritz. These three great contract players are members of a team which includes two Frenchmen and is giving exhibition matches and playing against teams put up by visitors at the Grand Hotel. They also find time to skate, and Lady Rhodes skis.

It never seems to be sunny on Cartier Cup Day, though we look forward to this event almost more than any other, partly because Mme. Cartier 's so popular, with her wise, humorous, common-sensical personality—she keeps a sofa in the hall of their villa at Chanterella ready for casualties ! Arturo Escalante and Roland de l'Espée were heavily handicapped, both being so good at Corviglia (rude question—would they be as brilliant on a less familiar run ?), and the Cup went to Mme. Malet and partner. Alice, Jacqueline, and Jean-Jacques Cartier ran well. All the competitors and nearly all Corviglia members gathered afterwards for cocktails in the Stubli room at the Palace, invited by the cup donor. Some of the drinks were champagne and brandy in equal parts. It struck me after my second glass of Vichy that voices were mounting higher and louder, gestures growing more emphatic. After the fourth I dimly heard Mrs. O. T. Norris saying she and family were leaving Suvretta for Surrey(I suppose this IS Vichy and not Vodka—sudden nervous thought)—a great pity, as Jean Norris skates well and Pamela plays the piano divinely, listened to by cricketer-fiancé Maurice Allom, while the parents are about the nicest future Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress imaginable. I believe they 're certainties for this rôle in a year or two.

FASHIONS. The hood and scarf in one, like a corrugated velvet lizard. Miss Celia Tennant's beige suède blouse. Mrs. Bill Bracken's grey flannels. Suzanne Lenglen's raccoon coat. Lady Meyer's navy blue blouse to match suit. Princess Imeretinsky's silly symphony hat. Mrs. Harmsworth's brown corduroys. Mrs. Edward Compton's inky-black glasses. Brugnon's doeskin boots as big as foot-warmers, which they are.

When you like a place as much as I like St. Moritz it 's hard to tear away from falling with the children and Liza Maugham (who looks a child, anyway) in Badrutt's Park, from the Palace Bar, where Lord Warwick sits at Billie Reardon's table (on the left by the door as you go in), from Suvretta rink, where Sir Samuel Hoare skates in tights (he was mistaken for an instructor by a mistaken young person, which reminds us of when Sir David Baird stood in the Sixpenny Partner Pen at the Edinburgh Palais de Danse—quite another story), but tear we must occasionally.

SILS MARIA. It was " Sunny Sils," as usual. This skating stronghold 's unaffected by the rink slump in St. Moritz (where even bobbing feels the ski boom), and the Best People were all on ice. The nicest thing about the Waldhaus, as I said last year and insist on saying again, hoping to influence other managements, is the open-air hot lunch at long tables in a shelter by the rink. Here Lady Rathcreedan amused us with recollections of the 1906 Asquith Cabinet, apropos of his Letters, and Lady Congleton fed four of her family of eight. She 's very proud of them—and who wouldn't be ? Miss Dorothy Fane (a 1934 débutante, tall, statuesque, and golden), her father, brother, and Lady Mabel Jocelyn ; Miss Grace Lambert, who has loads of charm ; the Wistrands (he 's Sweden's First Secretary in Berlin, and she is American), Miss Bertha Peel, Jack Dunn, skater *in excelsis* ; the Richardsons, ditto ; and Mrs. (Gwennie) Crewdson were some of those on the ice or refreshing. Lady Astor 's due. Sils is always political, though Liberals and Conservatives play together on the ice as in the House, and it 's not thin, either. Of course, there are no Socialists at this select resort, though red 's such a pretty colour in the snow.

LADY NORAH JELLICOE and the HON. MRS. LONG are here seen about to start in the Downhill Race held at Suvretta the other day. Mrs. Long, who is an expert, wears the Kandahar gold " K " in her hair-band—a coveted token.

WALLS WITHIN WALLS! TOM AT HOME.

MR. TOM WALLS, stage and screen star, producer, Derby winner, hunting man, and farmer, is here seen at home at "The Looe," Ewell, Surrey, with MRS. WALLS and MR. TOM WALLS, JNR.; to say nothing of the family pets. He is interested in the breeding of Staffordshire bull-terriers, and "Buller," who is shown in our picture (right), is his inseparable companion. Mr. Walls has been on the stage since 1905, and has been associated with the long series of Aldwych farces. He has now signed up with Gaumont-British at a high figure to direct and star in a series of pictures. His first for Gaumont-British was Lonsdale's well-known comedy, "Just Smith," and since then he has made "Cuckoo in the Nest" and "Turkey Time," which is drawing crowds to the Capitol.

(Left)
MR. WALLS' dining-room contains many interesting sporting pictures of personal interest, and the sideboard is covered with trophies which he has won. His greatest sporting achievement was winning the Derby of 1932 with April the Fifth, trained by himself.

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. W. SCHMIDT, MANCHESTER.

THE LADIES OF ALDERLEY PARK.

This delightful study shows LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY and her BABY DAUGHTER. Lady Stanley, who was married in 1932, was Lady Victoria Audrey Chetwynd-Talbot, and is the younger of the Earl of Shrewsbury's two sisters. Lord Stanley of Alderley, who is the sixth Baron, succeeded to the title in 1931. His seat is Alderley Park, Chelford.

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

Recitative.

Tidying up an old family bookshelf the other day I came across a copy of "Chambers's Effective Reciter." As one so often does when engaged in such a pleasant pastime, I glanced haphazard through its pages. No threat of an ordeal by recitation prompted me; rather, perhaps, it may have been a subconscious desire to discover what were popular examples of this method of torture nearly thirty years ago. There were "The Ballad of a Child's Heart," "The Bell of Justice," "The Ringer's Vengeance," "The Mother's Vigil," "Fidele's Grassy Tomb," and such-like. Then, hey presto! when, slightly gloomed, I was preparing to place the volume in

LORD NUFFIELD'S week-end cottage retreat almost adjoins the first tee of the Huntercombe Golf Course. Just in case you don't read your daily papers carefully, Lord Nuffield is the title which Sir William Morris, Bt., is assuming on his elevation to the Peerage. The hamlet of Nuffield is sixteen miles from Carfax; and five miles from a railway station. It is famous for its church of Norman foundation and for the famous golf-course of Huntercombe.

the same pile as "Eric, or Little by Little," my eye kindled. What did I see? An anonymous contribution entitled "The Golfer's Drive."

In Praise of Jehu. Here was water in a golfing desert, and the immediate task to find out whether it were sweet or brackish. It proved quite palatable. The first and second and most apposite of six verses of this hymn to power run as follows:

See the man
Hit the ball!
See him let his driver fall
With a power that doth appal
Every caddie great and small,
And that will,
Surely will,
Send the sphere beyond recall
Sailing skyward
Ever highward
Where the summer swallows call.

See the club
Hit the sphere
With a biff both sharp and clear
That re-echoes far and near
Through the quiet atmosphere;
See the ball
Rise and fall
While the anxious watchers peer
In the distance
With persistence
For the thing to re-appear.

Who the hero of this panegyric was I know not, though it might well have been Ted Blackwell, at St. Andrews on a sunny day. One thing, at any rate, seems certain—that long driving in the early years of this century attracted as much as it does to-day.

In Memoriam. Now it verges on a craze, to which, in our heart of hearts, we all subscribe; for, whatever our handicaps, so long as we have freedom of choice, we will play the ball with which we think most ground may be covered. The ball makers, knowing this, use length as their chief slogan. In one of the latest advertisements it states in blue and red letters that the particular implement—the Dunlop—"Is the extra length golf ball." Other manufacturers make similar claims, and so, according as demand compels supply, Distance is the god of the game. It will remain so until the Powers that Be call a halt. Meanwhile the manufacturers cannot be blamed, especially as they do not neglect durability, good paint, and steadiness of flight. But, oh! for a little red blood in the veins of our legislators. I can picture their memorial-stone inscription: "Through long years of self-imposed inaction they contracted pernicious anæmia. Death cured them."

The Return of the Bramble Marking. But, apart from this race for length, I have nothing but thanks to offer those who devote so much in cash and research to supplying the world of golf with such pleasant balls to "biff." For surely there is nothing so inspiring or inviting as a modern golf-ball newly taken out of its paper covering? For myself there was a real thrill when I saw one of the new bramble-marked Silver King variety beckoning to me, as it seemed, from Henry Gullan's table on the morning of my arrival at St. Andrews. That, at least, is how I interpreted its gleaming whiteness, and I "lifted" it as unblushingly as any of my forebears "lifted" cattle and gear in Glenorchy.

A Grand Ball. Three rounds I played with that ball, and liked it more each round, in all showing. Perhaps a marking whose disappearance I always bewailed was not without its influence, but, none the less, this latest product of the Silvertown Company is, in my opinion, a grand ball. It bores its way through a wind, it is markedly steady off an iron club, is essentially controllable, and on the green is a thing of joy, for it holds the line quite admirably. In addition, it seems to revel in hard knocks, and shakes off mud like a cat shakes water off its paws. After three rounds, I bought half a dozen of its fellows and gave one to Fred Mackenzie, who promptly completed the Old Course in 70 strokes, and was as enthusiastic over its merits as I was. Try one yourselves and then tell me if you do not agree also.

Francis Ouimet. A fortnight ago I referred to the coming Walker Cup Match, and the probable lines on which the two teams would be built up. The United States Golf Association has now announced its selection. The side captained by Francis Ouimet (Woodland) is as follows: G. T. Dunlap (Flushing L.J.), H. Chandler Egan (Del Monte, California), J. Fischer (Highland Country Club, Kentucky), Johnny Goodman (Omaha Field), W. Lawson Little (Residio, San Francisco), Max Marston (Gulph Mills, Pa.), G. Moreland (Dallas, Texas), and T. Westland (Sunset Ridge). Whether Francis will content himself as non-playing Captain is not stated, though I can hardly imagine the foursomes without him. One thing, however, is certain. He will receive a great welcome, for ever since his first appearance in this country, before the war, he has been a firm favourite with our golfers.

The British Women's Golf Team, which has been touring South Africa, arrived back in England last week, after a most successful trip. The tour gave a great fillip to South African women's golf. MISS GOURLAY, MISS PLUMPTON, and MISS CHAMBERS are here facing the camera.

American Choices. Ouimet, U.S. Open Champion, 1913, U.S. Amateur Champion, 1914 and 1931, has played in every Walker Cup match, captaining the side two years ago. Marston, U.S. Amateur Champion in 1923, played in the Walker Cup matches of 1922, 1923, and 1924. George Dunlap, who gave us such a fright last year at Hoylake until Michael Scott saved us, then won his own Amateur, and, with Moreland and Westland, was in the Walker Cup side of 1932. Goodman is the American Open Champion.

FAUTE DE MIEUX!

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY A. K. MACDONALD.

THE STAMFORD BALL PICTURED.

The HON. KEITH ROUS, second son of the Earl of Stradbroke, is here seen with LADY ROMAYNE CECIL, younger daughter of the Marquess of Exeter; and MISS SOPHIE TRAFFORD. They were all members of the Burghley House house-party.

LORD MARTIN CECIL, younger son of the Marquess of Exeter, and his fiancée, MLLE. EDITH CSANADY DE TELEGD, at the ball. Their marriage is fixed for to-day, January 17, at Virginia Water.

MR. GORDON H. PAIN, LORD MARTIN CECIL (behind), MRS. GORDON H. PAIN, and MR. R. W. KAYE, Master of the Woodland Pytchley, were at the ball.

BARONESS DE CROMBRUGGHE, daughter of Mrs. George Bellville; and CAPTAIN NICHOLSON.

LADY ANGELA SCOTT, sister of Lady Burghley; LORD BURGHLEY, elder son of the Marquess of Exeter; MR. E. IRESON, Mayor of Stamford; LADY CULME-SEYMOUR (behind), and LADY BURGHLEY (l. to r.) are seen in this group.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

MRS. GEORGE BELLVILLE was snapped when in deep conversation with MR. TOM FITZ-WILLIAM, Field-Master of the Fitzwilliam, at the Stamford Infirmary Ball.

This quartette consists of SIR LEONARD BRASSEY, BT., MRS. MICHAEL HORNBY, MR. MICHAEL HORNBY, and the EARL OF ANCASTER (l. to r.). Mrs. Michael Hornby was Miss Nicolette Ward, and is the twin sister of Lady Stavordale.

The MARQUESS OF EXETER is chuckling over a bon mot with MR. PETER BRASSEY.

MRS. MICHAEL HORNBY is with the HON. WILLIAM ASTOR, eldest son of Viscount Astor.

LADY WINIFRED CECIL, elder daughter of the Marquess of Exeter, is enjoying a joke with COLONEL FENWICK PALMER, a member of the Burghley House house-party.

GORDON TURMILL.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

About the S.S.S.S.

When asked some days ago if I knew the "S.S.S.S.," I wondered if it might be the Society for Sending Shirts to Senegal. On being told the mystic letters represented Society for the Spread of Sticklebacks in Sussex, I was astonished, as I thought I had heard of most of the societies connected with fish. Curiosity prompted me to seek and eventually to obtain printed documents issued by the Society. Before referring to the activities of the S.S.S.S. or the prominent names among its officers and members, let me quote their "Objects": "To bring to a close the shameful scandal of the shortage of sticklebacks, alias pinkeens, spricklebags, soldiers, thornbacks, barnstickles, sharplins, rough-tailed sticklebacks, or tiddlers (*Gasterosteus aculeatus*); in the ponds, pools, dew-ponds, mill-ponds, rills, rivers, rivulets, runnels, rapids, races, gurges and regurgitations, estuaries, streams, water-courses, sikes, swashes, soughs, sluices, gullies and gully-holes, moats, cloacæ and fountains, ditches, dykes, drains, ducts, becks, burns, brooks, flushes, torrents, conduits, canals, aqueducts, channels, lakes, linns and meers in the western portion of the county of Sussex." This noble conception of the objects of the Society is so obviously the creation of combined scientific and literary talents of outstanding merit that it will surprise no one to hear that the President is E. G. Boulenger, who, when not engaged in his arduous duties of inspecting the Society's stock-ponds, may be found in the aquarium at the "Zoo." He is ably supported by Phillip Gosse, Arthur Waugh, Dr. H. N. Burroughes, C. Cresswell, and a number of other earnest and enthusiastic members who have at heart the welfare of *Gasterosteus aculeatus*.

A Gift of Spricklebags.

Shortly after it was founded, a generous member presented the Society with five hundred sticklebacks. The Hon. Secretary and Clerk acknowledged the gift but stated: "These five hundred sticklebacks prove to be a poor lot, of inferior size and physique, the result of the selfish conduct of our own President, who had previously picked out all the best and biggest 'backs' for his aquarium at the Zoo." The Clerk, P. Gosse, was appointed later as Water Bailiff of the Society, and when the President made his report of his annual tour of inspection, he found it necessary to comment unfavourably upon the conduct of the Water Bailiff. "I was," states the President, "a witness of the Bailiff quite deliberately depositing in one of our fairest waters the dejecta from a tobacco pipe of extraordinary senility and of a quality abhorrent to your President's senses of sight and smell."

The rules, correspondence, and other matters in the Society's documents are full of frolic, flippancy, and fun; but, lest there should be any misunderstanding, let me explain that the multiplication of the little fishes which is the aim of the Society is the surest method of keeping down mosquitoes. More power to Boulenger and his merry men! May their efforts meet with success, and all the ponds, pools, etc., throughout the country be filled with spricklebags!

Mr. Jack Collins, son of the lock-keeper of Shifford Lock, Thames, is posed with a 27½-LB. PIKE caught near Longworth, on December 31. The fish is evidently old and going back in condition. Mr. Collins says that he landed it in twenty minutes, and that it did not give as much sport as a five-pounder.

Pike Angler Foul-Hooks Big Carp.

While spinning for pike at Cowbridge, Lincolnshire, a Boston angler, Mr. Harvey Gill, foul-hooked a carp weighing 13 lb. 9 oz. It was hooked in the tail and put up a great fight before Mr. Gill succeeded in landing it. He then weighed the carp on a spring balance and returned it to the water. This fish was one of those transferred from Burgess's Pit to Cowbridge, and was hooked close to the spot where it was put into the water last summer.

Huge Carp Captured by Some Children.

Seeing a big fish stranded in shallow water in the Warren Pond, near Chingford, Essex, some children removed it from the water and carried it to the local butcher, who placed the carp—as it proved to be—in his refrigerator until arrangements could be made for its despatch to a taxidermist. The weight of this specimen was 21 lb., but it is not the heaviest taken from the water, as a carp heavier by ten ounces was caught on rod and line in the same pond by Mr. A. E. Wyatt in August 1926.

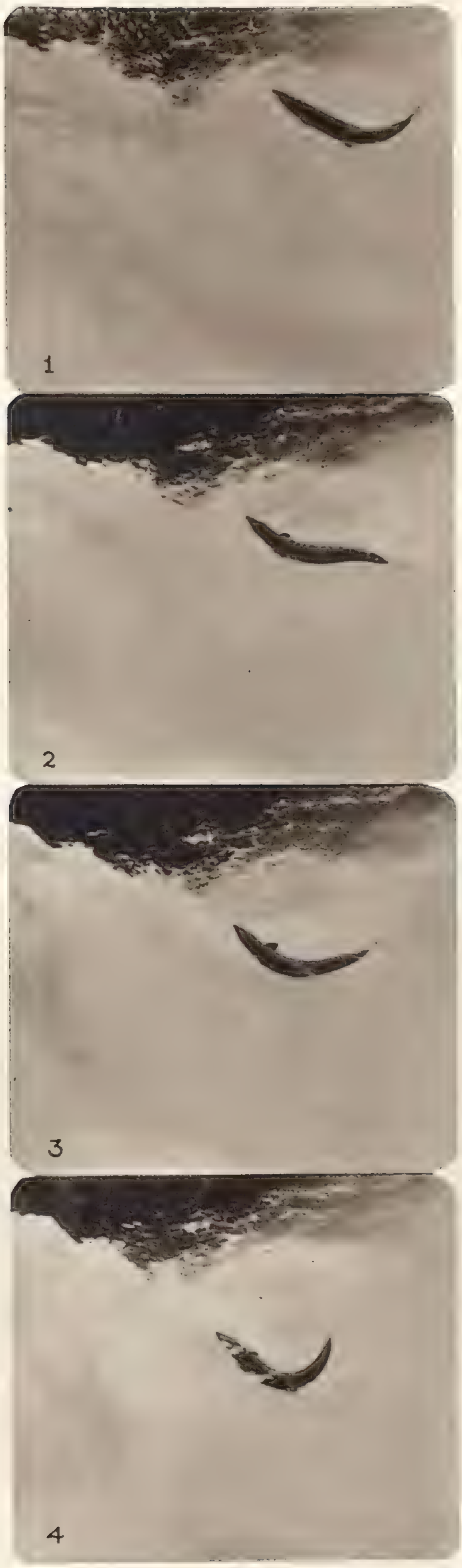
If we could listen-in to the conversation of the group in this photograph, we should get some fishermen's tales indeed! MR. ZANE GREY, the author and big-game fisherman, is seen at home in his Catalina Island residence with his family, after his many adventures in the South Seas. On the left is MRS. ROBERT CARNEY, Mr. Grey's daughter, with MICHELE CARNEY, her daughter; and MRS. ROMER GREY, with BABY ROMER GREY II. ROMER GREY, Mr. Zane Grey's son, is in the centre, with MRS. ZANE GREY on the right.

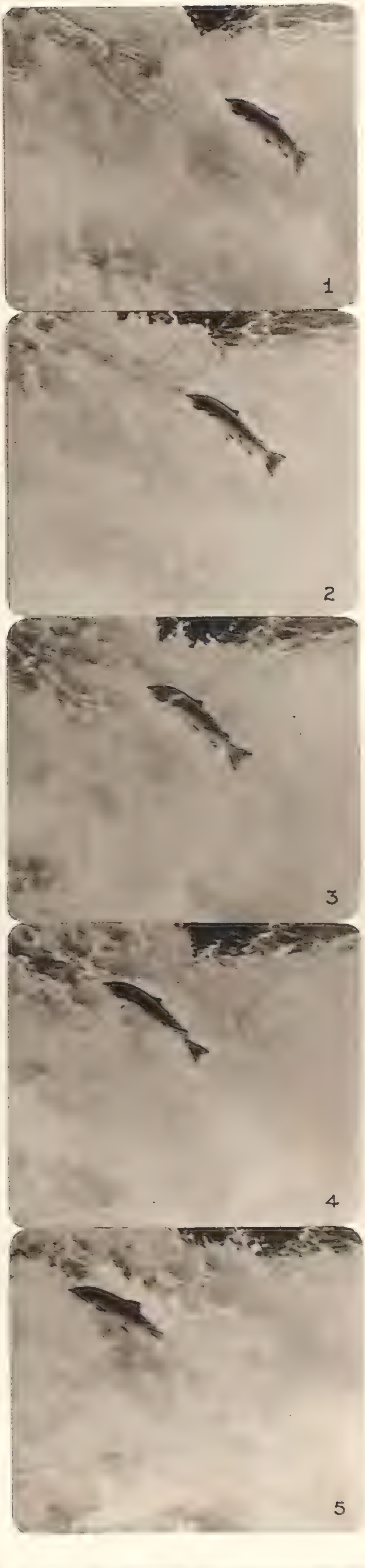
An Eel Mystery.

The same friend, Mr. F. J. Johnston, who sent me news of the big carp mentioned in his letter that recently a number of eels were found dead around the edge of the pond and floating on the surface. The cause of the mortality is a mystery, but Mr. Johnston thinks that a possible solution may be that, when the thaw set in, the eels found their way through a hole in the ice and, being unable to find their way back, died from exposure to the cold. This might be the solution, but it does not explain why the eels should wish to leave their comfortable quarters in the mud. Perhaps the carp chivied the eels out of the mud as the ice became thicker and their quarters more and more confined. Life cannot be any too pleasant for fish when a pond freezes over, for the gases given off by rotting vegetation cannot escape.

The mortality among eels was not confined to the Warren Pond, Chingford, as Mr. W. D. Storey, of Huntingdon, writes me that several hundred-weight of eels in excellent condition, very fat and clean, and ranging in weight from 1 lb. to 4 lb., have been found dead or dying in the river and in numerous ponds in the Huntingdon district. Mr. Storey states that during the last frost, when waters were partly frozen over, the eels came up in the open spaces and were easily taken in their comatose state. One man obtained four stones of eels from Brampton bathing-place. He adds that he has never known anything like it in all his sixty-six years' experience of the river.

R. L. MARSTON.





This remarkable sequence showing HOW A SALMON LEAPS is presented by Gaumont-British Picture Corporation. The "stills" read downward, beginning with the column on the left, and clearly show the salmon's "acrobatic" progress as it leaps up the falls.

THE SALMON AS FILM STAR: "UP STREAM."

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

HAVE you noticed that Queen Victoria is one of the British artists whose work is on view at Burlington House? If you look in the Architectural Room you will find a water-colour sketch of the Princess Royal, probably painted in 1841 by her late Majesty.

The Princess Royal was Queen Victoria's eldest child; was born in 1840, and married Prince Frederick William of Prussia, afterwards the Emperor Frederick III. She was the mother of the ex-Kaiser.

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The new Lord Churchill is an unusual young man. As "Peter Spencer" he wrote an episode for a C. B. Cochran revue in 1931. He has worked in Hollywood; and he made the Moroccan sequence for the film "Baroud." He has also spent a good deal of time in Paris, and he prepared some ballet stories for Diaghileff. These literary and dramatic excursions and successes do not, however, mean that he is what is called "Bohemian." On the contrary, he is prepared to take up the "white man's burden" which heredity has imposed on him, and means to be the complete Viscount.

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Overheard in a hat-shop. "Haloes are simply *made* for the modern type; all the smartest women are wearing them, Moddom." Is this Halo Movement a moral uplift attack launched against the salient of Fashion?

Our group, taken at the Ball in aid of the Personal Service League, at Wentworth, includes SIR ANTHONY JENKINSON, thirteenth Baronet; his sister, MISS DEBORAH JENKINSON; MISS DIANA WOODROFFE, MAJOR HARE, CAPTAIN GEOFFREY HUNT, and MISS MARY BOYD-CARPENTER.

The EGLINTON HUNT BALL was held in Ayr County Buildings. This group includes (in front; l. to r.) MR. C. M. COLLINS, M.F.H., MRS. T. C. DUNLOP, LORD INVERCLYDE, Master of the Eglinton, MRS. CONNELL, and COLONEL T. C. DUNLOP, M.F.H.

Children, Cruises, and Chills are three causes which prevent London being socially gay at the moment. This holiday feeling is taken seriously by Mayfair parents and means hard work! Cruises and chills account for absentees—so does Monte Carlo, where both old and young are flocking this year. Lord and Lady Reading visit the International Sporting Club there regularly; so do Lord and Lady Plender and Captain "Cardy" Montagu.

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Captain "Cardy" Montagu. Lord Swaythling's wealthy bachelor uncle; lives in Savile Row; is interested in Art (culinary and decorative) and sport (all varieties). His chief title to fame in the more frivolous circles is not his D.S.O. (gained for great personal gallantry in the late war), but the fact that he is said to be one of the few men who regularly defeat the bookmakers by backing winners throughout the flat-racing season.

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Mr. Eddy Marsh has settled a vexed question for us. In the past, when the Intelligentsia have come from Mayfair to Rosebery Avenue, E.C., for Sadler's Wells first nights, some have been *en grande tenue*, others in day clothes. At "The Tempest" *première*, Mr. Marsh wore a lounge suit—so now we know. Day dress is the thing. Lady Bonham Carter was there too, and Mrs. A. P. Herbert.

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A bachelor diplomat, the Polish Ambassador, was the host of the best private party of the week. First-class music, food, and company are always features of Polish Embassy entertainments. Barszcz (pronounced "Barshch"), the national version of the clear pink Russian soup, Bortsch, is an improvement on it; and Pieroszki, the golden pastries of Poland, filled with mushrooms and minced game, are things to remember. The menu also always includes what a member of the Embassy staff impressively refers to as "caviar, and other *usual* things." What heaven to live in a house where caviar is "usual"!

MR. OLIVER BARNETT and MISS BETTY SCHOFIELD were two of the guests at the Wentworth Ball in aid of the Personal Service League.

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The music as well as the food was Polish on Thursday. It consisted of "*une heure de chant,*" by Mme. Bandrowska - Turska, prima donna of the Warsaw Opera House, with Mr. Ivor Newton at the piano. Mme. Bandrowska-Turska comes from one of those talented families which Poland produces. Her uncle, Alexander Bandrowski, was one of the great Wagnerian singers of the end of the nineteenth century; her cousin, Julius Bandrowski, is a brilliant Polish novelist of to-day; and her father was a noted musician. She herself has sung in most of the capitals of Europe.

Her programme ranged over a wide field, as she sang some Mozart, Massenet, and Liszt, and gave songs by the modern Polish composer Szymanowski, and by Perkowski and Rozycski.

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Lady Aline Cholmondeley, only daughter of Lord and Lady Cholmondeley, is one of the most important youngsters who have appeared in country ballrooms of late. She will not be eighteen till next October, but was at the practically "grown-up" dance given in Suffolk for Miss Hero Buxton and Miss Rosemary Flower's coming-of-age.

Lady Aline has every right to be a beauty, for her father was, as Lord Rocksavage, considered the handsomest man ever seen on the lawn tennis court; and her mother's dark elegance has inspired many notable portrait-painters to produce their best work. Sargent's picture of her, which hangs on the stairs at the house of her brother, Sir Philip Sassoon, is a notable example.

The Sassoon Park Lane mansion is to be thrown open for the annual exhibition to amuse and instruct stay-at-homes in February, and to help the Royal Northern Hospital. This year it 's to be " Porcelain of All Countries," ranging from about 960 to 1800.

The Chinese porcelain of the Sung period will, of course, be the earliest. Chinese " pots " of previous dynasties do not answer to the official requirements of " porcelain." The Queen heads the list of collectors who are lending marvellous pieces.

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Her Majesty has a large collection of *chinoiseries*, including a great deal of jade and many snuff-bottles. A year or two ago W. B. Ranken's picture of her among these treasures was exhibited at the Royal Academy. Most of the Queen's Chinese things are of the Ming and Ch'ing periods, for though her Majesty has a wonderful eye and can recognise the best pieces among earlier Chinese works of art, her personal preference is toward the productions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. She knows a great deal about these.

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Lady Jane Fitzroy's coming-out dance at Thetford introduced a seventeen-year-old to society, for the Duke of Grafton's débutante sister won't be eighteen till April. She and her brother and young sister are direct descendants of Charles II. and Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland.

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Lady Gloria Vaughan, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Lisburne, is another débutante who has a notable pedigree. Her family " stand in the first rank of ancient Cymric Houses, and is almost without a parallel for prolonged undisturbed possession of its original seat and estate," says " Burke's Peerage." The manor and mansion of Trawscoed came into the Vaughan family in 1200, and have never since been alienated, or, it is believed, ceased to be occupied by the possessors.

LADY MARY DUNN (right), formerly Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine, is a Vice-Chairman of the Prosperity Ball, fixed for to-night, January 17. She is seen with LADY ST. JOHN OF BLETSO at a meeting in connection with it.

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The present Lady Lisburne, mother of Lady Gloria, has prematurely white hair and huge dark eyes. She was Miss Regina de Bittencourt, and will be remembered by those who can cast their eyes back to a pre-war period as one of the loveliest girls of 1912. Lady Gloria is very like her mother and almost as beautiful.

MISS PATTY BEVIS, elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Cecil Bevis, is dancing with MR. RICHARD MAITLAND at the Personal Service League Ball at Wentworth Club.

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" Regulars " at the Worcester Hunt Ball include Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin and the Lygon family. The former were all present and correct at the Shire Hall the other night, but only one Lygon—Lady Dorothy—turned up. She wore a very " grown-up " dress of wine-red velvet and danced with Sir Richard Sykes and Sir Francis Winnington.

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Memories of the dance include Mrs. Baldwin's green crystal halo; and the " court " held by Mrs. Rayner and her sister, Miss Hylma Vaughan. Mrs. Rayner has not been seen in her home county since her marriage, and Miss Hylma Vaughan has been ill for some weeks, so was also making a come-back.

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Philosophers have worked with a skull on their writing-tables, and Sarah Bernhardt travelled about with her coffin—just in case of accidents—but Mrs. Bassett, who has a joint show with her husband at the Lefevre Gallery, surely is the first person to have a picture painted of her funeral while she 's still above, and not in, terra firma! It was done by a cousin, and is not as *macabre* as it sounds, for a merry-go-round is introduced into the composition! The Bassetts' own picture-show is full of colour.

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Art brings me to Oliver Messel, who has been ill, but is now up and about again. His portrait-show is postponed, for the good reason that he is now at work on dress designs for the new Alexander Korda film, " Don Juan." He promises to introduce us to a fantastic Spain of no particular period, but obviously he won't escape from Goya's influence!

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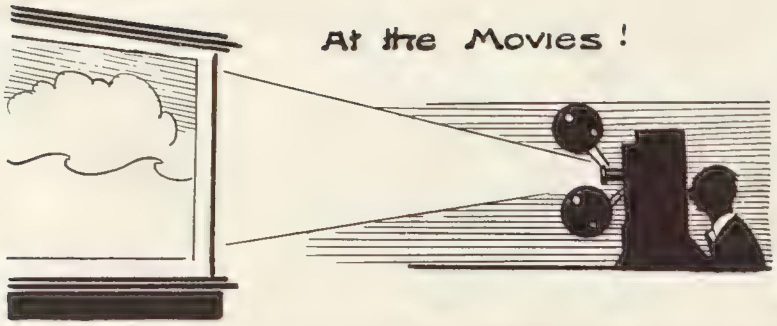
What are " middle-aged children " ? Lady Gainsborough says her party last week was for hers. Her family consists of Lady Maureen Noel, the ten-year-old Lord Gainsborough, and his very young brother of seven. What she means is that the two elder are neither babies nor grown-ups, so she had a dance for them. Lord Gainsborough did not stay up all the time, but enjoyed it while he did.

A Paul Jones broke down any initial shyness among the young guests, and the non-stop supper at a buffet and small tables was a great success. Grown-ups included Lady Buchanan-Jardine, who should never wear anything but the bright red she had chosen for that night.—MARIEGOLD.

The COUNTESS OF INCHCAPE, formerly Miss Leonora Brooke, is Chairman of the Committee for the Prosperity Ball in aid of All Saints Hospital, Southwark, to-night, January 17. She is here seen (left) with MRS. MUSGRAVE HALL and LADY DE COURCY WHEELER at a meeting in connection with the Ball.

MISS V. HALL and MR. H. F. DAVID, the Davis Cup player, were among the guests at the Cambridge University Boxing and Fencing Club Ball last week.



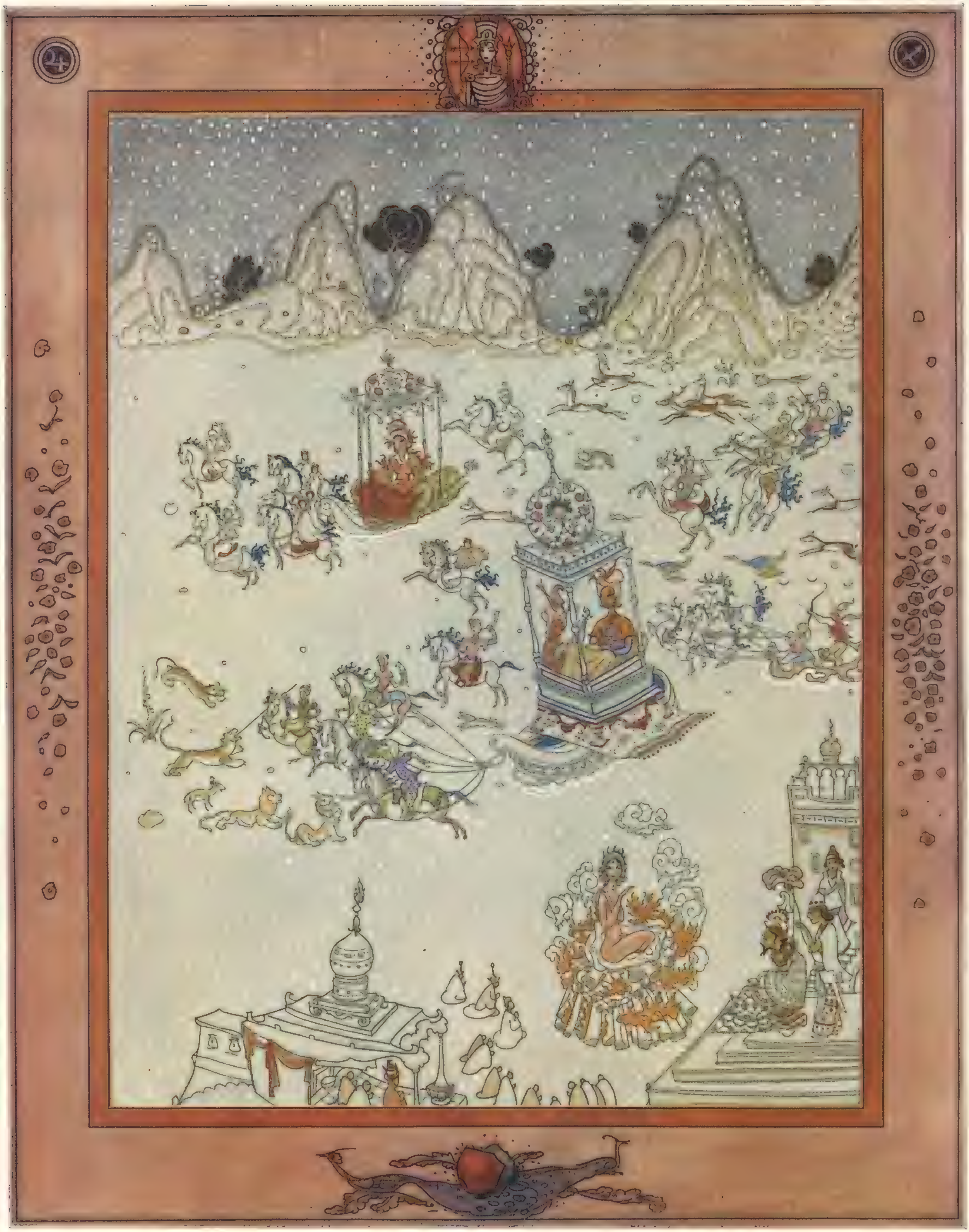
THE ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB ASHORE.

Last week Fred May had a night out with famous yachtsmen at their headquarters, and made these sketches. LIEUT.-COMMANDER HARRY VANDERVELL gave a most clear and concise cinema show of his own films of last season's yachting, including racing at Cowes, the launch of the "Velsheda," and so on. MR. "TOM" SOPWITH, a figurehead of our own yachting world, is now building the "Endeavour" (to be launched in April), which is to compete for the "America" Cup this year. MR. W. L. STEPHENSON is the owner of the steel-hulled "Velsheda"; and COLONEL DUNCAN NEIL was formerly with Sir Thomas Lipton, and was concerned in the gallant trials of "Shamrock," in trying to regain the elusive Cup. All the other figures on this page are yachting "aces."

GRAN'POP GETS READY FOR WINTER SPORTS.

Putting an edge on the blades of his skates.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)



THE ALMANACK. NO. 12.—DECEMBER.

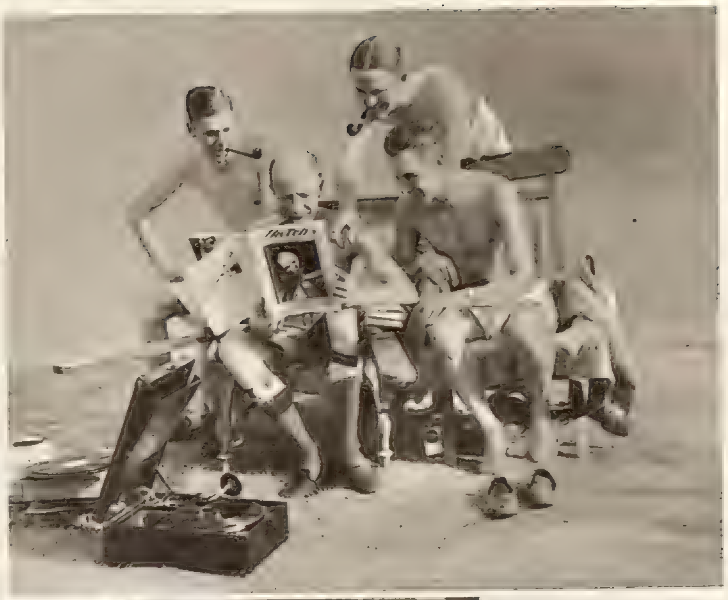
December closes our Almanack series of Taussig drawings representing the months. We must apologise for publishing it rather late—or, rather, early in the New Year, if you prefer—but what with going to press early for Christmas and 1934 coming in with fog, we must crave indulgence from the many who have written to us, urging speedy publication!

DRAWN BY FRANZ TAUSSIG.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THE rolling-pin is the classic Amazonian weapon in British music-hall story, but you have to go to Arizona, U.S.A., to find a properly-staged Rolling-Pin Throwing Championship. The "dummy man" target was bombarded by some fifty rolling-pin experts, but MRS. LYDIA BAILEY was an easy winner. She is a sure shot at 45 ft.

THE officers of a small Royal Air Force outpost squadron on the Afghan border could not manage to enjoy a thoroughly English Christmas, the weather being rather against it! They were, however, quite suitably merry, thanks to *The Sketch*, which gets there every week—though perhaps a little late!



THESE OFFICERS OF THE R.A.F. ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER — FOR TAKING THIS AIRY VIEW OF "THE SKETCH" ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

MRS. HELEN WILLS MOODY hopes to sally forth in 1934 and make an attempt to regain her lost lawn-tennis crown. Her health is now much improved, and she swims daily, by doctor's orders, in order to get back her muscular strength and fitness. Her morning walk is a fairly strenuous affair, too. We do not know if it is by medical advice also, but her two Sealyhams do their bit to get their mistress "muscled up" again, for they pull in opposite directions!

MRS. FRANCES MARSALIS and MISS HELEN RICHEY have been busy making new air records. They went up aloft on an endurance flight and succeeded in staying there for 237 hours and 42 minutes, breaking by 41 hours the previous endurance record set up by Mrs. Marsalis and Mrs. Louis Thaden last year. Their 'plane is very suitably named "Outdoor Girl."

EXTREMELY small babies are often reared in incubators, so CAPTAIN BURGESS must forgive the irreverent reference to his smaller-than-baby-size roadster as an "Incubator-baby car." It is his own invention. The engine is a ⅓-horse-power petrol-driven one; the wheels, which are about the size of dinner-plates, have pneumatic tyres, and the car has a racing type of steering-wheel.

MRS. LYDIA BAILEY—FOR BEING ABLE TO GET HER MAN EVERY TIME WITH A ROLLING-PIN—AT 45 FEET!

MRS. HELEN WILLS MOODY—FOR NOT HAVING SUCH A DEUCE OF A TIME THOUGH HER DOGS ARE STRIVING FOR 'VANTAGE POINTS.

MRS. F. H. MARSALIS AND MISS H. RICHEY—FOR BEING "OUTDOOR GIRLS" IN FLIGHT OVER MIAMI FOR NEARLY TEN DAYS.

CAPTAIN BURGESS—FOR HIS PETROL-DRIVEN "INCUBATOR-BABY" CAR WHICH, IT IS CLAIMED, A CHILD OF A FEW YEARS CAN DRIVE.

UNPOSED PORTRAITS FROM WINTER-SPORTSLAND.

MLLE. SUZANNE LENGLEN, *of lawn tennis fame, is an enthusiastic skater. She is on the Palace rink at St. Moritz.*

SIR JOHN LATTA, BT., *and his daughter, the* COMTESSE DE CRAMAYEL, *are here seen out for a morning walk at Caux.*

LADY FOX, *who was photographed on the Suvretta nursery slopes, is the charming fair-haired wife of Sir Gifford ("Pam") Fox, Bt., M.P. She is the only child of Sir Douglas and Lady Newton.*

LADY MEYER, *the wife of Sir Frank Meyer, Bt., is one of the novices at St. Moritz. She was snapped getting her breath back after a fall.*

MRS. "LEO" LONSDALE is quite an expert skater, and is working for a test. Her black coat, with padded shoulders and four rolls at the neck-line, is very neat. Mrs. Lonsdale was Miss Blanche Somerset. She is a daughter of the Hon. Arthur Somerset.

The HON. MARK WATSON and his cousin, MISS CELIA TENNANT. Mr. Watson and his mother, Claire, Lady Manton, are St. Moritz regulars. He is a fine ski-er and very keen. They are chaperoning Miss Tennant, whose beige suède blouse and "plus-fours" are effective.

GORDON RICHARDS is at last doing something which we never heard of the late Fred Archer attempting! He is taking part in a curling contest at St. Moritz.

MRS. CHARLES BREASTED is the really lovely young Englishwoman who was much en évidence at Monte Carlo last summer. She is one of the prettiest visitors to St. Moritz up to date. Her suit is black corduroy velvet, with a polo jersey in pillar-box red.

CAPTAIN HOGG, the well-known trainer, who has Colombo, the winter Derby favourite, in his care, is a keen curler. He is enjoying the sport at St. Moritz.

Beauty Culture, Slimming, and the "Daily Dozen" of Health Exercises are not twentieth-century inventions! Anyone who goes to the Exhibition of British Art at Burlington House can see that in the Regency Period every modern device for producing beauty—"and some"—was employed; for Edward Francis Burney (1760-1848) has illustrated them in his water-colour entitled "An Elegant Establishment for Young Ladies." The picture repays a close study. In the left foreground a girl is seen correcting round shoulders by a back-board. Behind her stands another with dumb-bells; and two pupils are wearing a steel apparatus for the correction of stooping. Near them a Sergeant-Major is teaching deportment. Towards the centre, a Negro Dancer is giving a lesson to an awkward pupil. In the centre an unfortunate young lady is being hoisted up aloft, suspended by her neck; another is receiving instructions in the dance; and others, exhausted by the strenuous proceedings, lie prone on the ground. Music, Sculpture, and Painting are among the subjects being taught. A young lady is also getting Dramatic tuition; while another is being measured for shoes. A mischievous comrade is busy pinning on the back of the shoe-maker the legend: "Let not the Shoemaker go beyond his last." In the background (on the left) the Secretary of the Establishment (who does not herself seem to have gone in for slimming!) is recording the measurements of a new pupil; and (on the right) a finished and perfect specimen is (we regret to point out!) eloping with a boy-friend. It is interesting to add that Edward Francis Burney illustrated "Evelina," by Fanny Burney (Mme. d'Arblay).

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DRASTIC BEAUTY CULTURE IN BRITISH ART: "AN ELEGANT

This picture, painted at the beginning of the ninete

NT ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES." — BY EDWARD FRANCIS BURNEY.

teenth century, is on view at the Exhibition of British Art, at Burlington House.

The ball in aid of the OXFORD UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC SOCIETY took place last week at the Dorchester. This supper-time group includes MR. RICHARD GREENOUGH, MISS TINY McRAE, MR. M. HUTCHISON, MR. HUMPHREY NUNES, LADY VIOLET PAKENHAM (sister of the Earl of Longford), and LIEUT.-COLONEL NORMAN THWAITES.

DOUGLAS BYNG added to the gaiety of the ball by his famous impersonations. This is his version of MAE WEST!

MR. PETER GLENVILLE, son of Mr. Shaun Glenville; MISS AURIOL ROSS; MR. CLIFFORD BAX, the playwright and author of "Rose Without a Thorn," etc.; MRS. LESLEY BLANCH; and MR. WILLIAM DEVLIN. Mr. William Devlin played the name-part in the O.U.D.S. production of "King John" in 1933.

MISS TAMARA SUETLOVA and MR. OSSIA TRILLING.

MR. DOUGLAS FELL, MISS MARGARETTA SCOTT, MR. FELIX FULTON, and MR. VAL GIELGUD are the four in this group. Miss Margaretta Scott is the well-known actress who played Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing" for the O.U.D.S. in 1931. Mr. Fulton is the President of the Society. He is a Scholar of Balliol. Mr. Val Gielgud is a well-known B.B.C. personality.

THE O. U. D. S. GOES DANCING.

THE SCONES TAKE UP THE NEW SPORT OF MONSTER-HUNTING!

LORD SCONE, M.P., son of the Earl of Mansfield, and LADY SCONE recently enjoyed a day's MONSTER-HUNTING ON LOCH NESS. Here Lady Scone may be seen examining a goat's skull at the spot at which Mr. Arthur Grant believes he encountered the "Monster" when motor-cycling home early in the morning.

LORD and LADY SCONE are here seen with some other Monster-Hunters, armed with cameras. Lord Scone, who is the Member for Perth, is a Fellow of the Zoological Society and a member of the British Ornithologists' Union, so he has a good knowledge of natural history and would be likely to know a monster if he saw one! He and Lady Scone are due in London this week before going for a short holiday on the Continent before Parliament opens.

LADY SCONE is shaking hands with MR. ALEXANDER ROSS, Pier-master of Temple Pier, Drumnadrochit, who is certain that he has seen the "Monster" thrice—in August and November 1933, and by moonlight on December 30, 1933. His portrait appears in the current issue of "The Illustrated London News," dated January 13, in which "Monster" stories are fully pictured and dealt with by one of its Special Artists.

GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.

Latest from Leicestershire.

For the last week we have had fresh air to breathe, and visibility has actually extended beyond our horses' ears. Therefore, let us be thankful; also for some real good sport; but, without seeming too captious, we'd like to put in a "chit" for some nice wet rain. As it is, foxes are desperately hard to find, sitting as they do in dry drains and ditches, giggling at us a good deal, no doubt. However, the Quorn found the needful all right at Botany Bay after meeting at Keyham. The ups and downs of the Billesdon country were well sampled, and the rest of the day was spent in Fernieland with an al-fresco meal for the hounds to finish near the Coplow. This "langlauf" (those unversed in winter-sports parlance may apply to the dictionary) was a very high-class performance, and definitely "worth the money" for those who had duly expended their three guineases.

Next day at Stapleford, all the world and his wife seemed to be out with the Cottesmore—and as for their children! Ponies under life-size used one's horse as a hoop (as in croquet), whilst some of the larger kind gave the parents food for thought—*i.e.*, if one's progeny is willing and able to jump bigger obstacles than one fancies oneself, what is the best excuse to give for not following them? It was not a good day's hunting, but sufficient excitement was provided by a train which narrowly missed mowing down the flower of the hunt. Hence, perhaps, the expression "excursions and alarums"?

High Jinks with the Belvoir.

These hounds recorded good sport on their Lincolnshire side from Rauceby, though unluckily their Chairman, General George Paynter, lost his seat and tore the muscles of his knee. Further damage was done to the administration next day when Colonel Colman had a fall and broke his collar-bone. This was during a remarkably fine run from Croxton Park. Hounds went away on a screaming scent to Bescaby Oaks, then hunted back into the Park, and subsequently caught most of the field napping. Crossing the Grantham-Melton Road, nothing would stop them; Knipton—Harston—Denton: as each place was reached, the hopeless pursuers thought they *must* soon think better of it and come back to their Wednesday territory. Meanwhile the handful on terms with them enjoyed it all a treat, and from Casthorpe on, pace and country improved enormously. Racing over the old point-to-point course with another fox in front of them, hounds nearly got to Foston before swinging right-handed over the Beck to see their quarry dead-beat before them going up the hill to Great Gonerby. Here holes and fresh foxes prevented the huntsman handling his fox to round off a wonderful exhibition. The mystery was, where had everyone got to? Barely a dozen were there, though at "second-fox" time there was ample chance of making up leeway. Great were the lamentations in Melton that night, except for Miss Howard, the "young visiter" from Devonshire. This was her first day's hunting in the Shires, and she saw the whole thing, going first all the way.

LADY CATHERINE WILLOUGHBY (mounted) is a daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ancaster. MISS JUNE O'MALLEY-KEYES and MR. C. DUFAURE are seen with her at the Cottesmore meet at Stapleford Park.

MISS ENID GUNTHER (l.) was out with the Quorn when they met at the Durham Ox, at Six Hills. The HON. MRS. JOHN STOURTON and her Borzois came on foot. Mrs. Stourton was Miss Kathleen Gunther.

A "Beaufort-shire" Budget.

My dears! What a *distracting* week! We were all flutter and confusion at first, with the horrible fog, in which we sat hidden from one another's gaze even at Chavenage, and then again for another dreary hour near Beverstone; but "all for nodings," as Hope had to be abandoned, and off they went to Lower Woods, whilst practically everyone, teeth chattering, dripping wet, noses purple, hands and feet numb, beat it for all they were worth to mustard baths and fire-poking. And then, after all the dear little p.c.'s from Simon, and telephone tinkles as well, it happened over again the next morning! Same old fog, thicker than ever; same crowd; same chilly wait at same place! Then Master heard the sun was shining over Malmesbury, and off we trekked. Well, it was quite fairly all right there most of the time, and we didn't have too bad a day after all, though it was no record-breaker or anything like that.

Friday was not amusing until too late, for all save a minority, when there was a topping hunt from Allengrove, well into Saturday country, as hounds crossed the railway from the Badminton side to Cranhill, and went nearly to Oldlands, having to be stopped by the railway near Alderton after five-and-forty minutes of the best. The worst of these evening hunts is that they evoke ecstasy in the few, and chagrin in the many who must miss them.

The Hunt Ball Goes Well.

The Hunt Ball was the most stupendous success. Everything was too splendidly done, and it really was a brilliant affair—band, supper, wine, beyond reproach; the right crowd; dancing and sitting arrangements—everything—simply perfect. The Duke and Duchess nobly came, bringing Lord Freddie Cambridge, and saw it pretty well through. Estcourt, Dauntsey, Spye, Ashwicke, Draycot, and Tockenham Manor all deputed parties. The Guy Gibbses, Lysleys, Trevor Horns, Hanmers, Fullers, Osbornes, and Mackirdys were "all on," whilst the Scotts from Lasborough—a large party in themselves—and likewise the Lowsley-Williamses from Chavenage, came in force. The Westmorlands, the Menzies brethren, Lady Cowley (with a party from Seagry), Colonel Morrison-Bell, Captain Bobby Vivian, and the two Captings Harris were other well-knowns, and, though Lady Preston is abroad, the Bryan Prestons brought quite a big party from Ilsome. There were between five and six hundred guests, and at least 400 of them managed to crawl out to Easton Grey by 11.30 next morning! When the Duke was about at Bransdown, the procession stretched back for over a mile, and half the people hadn't turned up at the meet then! Our Simon had a busy and not unprofitable time, though of course the reduction in the cap for this occasion removes much of the gilt from the ginger-bread. Several well-trained foxes were ready for business at Bransdown, and the day's action started instanter, there being scarcely a pause whilst the first fox was devoured e'er we were galloping on to Westonbirt, where Number Two was put paid to right in front of the house, the scene of such recent revelry.

Monday was great fun at times, especially in the wake of an outlier near Little Park that gave a topping burst to the Cricklade border, to ground near Miss Betty Harford's charming old Manor House by Tockenham.

LADY KATHLEEN ROLLO (centre) and her tall son and daughter, PETER and PRIMULA ROLLO, were all out with the Cottesmore when they met at the Noel Arms. Lady Kathleen Rollo was Lady Kathleen Hill. Her marriage to Mr. William Hereward Rollo took place in 1917, and Peter and Primula were born in 1919 and 1918 respectively.

DUNLOP
C.F.H.

Recipe for busy women . .
take the Morris! Particularly for a woman, owning a Morris car means a fuller, freer life. The house itself may be peacefully isolated and yet, with a Morris, in easy communication with railway station, the children's school, the shops. Distance need no longer prevent neighbourly calls, and leisure time can be used for pleasant local explorations.
And the beauty of the Morris is that a woman immediately feels confident at its wheel. The gears are so easy, the brakes so reassuring. Bearing in mind its low cost and the yeoman service it unhesitatingly and invariably gives, you will not find a more satisfying car for your purpose than the Morris.
Models from 8 to 25 h.p. priced from £110-£395 ex works.
MORRIS
The car you're proud to own
MG 1934
MORRIS COWLEY FOUR SALOON (SLIDING HEAD) £199 10 0

A "FLICK" OF ZOLA'S GAS-LIT BOULEVARDS.

1. ANNA STEN, the blonde from Soviet Russia who was seen with Emil Jannings in "The Tempest" ("Sturm der Leidenschaft"), will make her American film début in "NANA," the Samuel Goldwyn picture based on Zola's famous novel, set in the music halls and gas-lit boulevards of 1870 Paris.

2. MAE CLARKE is Nana's comrade in the film.

3. The costumes worn by ANNA STEN as Zola's heroine include this elaborate version of 1870 styles. The picture, which has just been completed, was directed by Dorothy Arzner.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

"*THE MAN WHO WAS FED UP*," *at the Vaudeville. Donald Geddes (ALASTAIR SIM; right), an incautious Scot, is here offering Kenneth Squire (BRIAN OULTON; left) a very good hiding for his impudence. Kenneth has roused the Caledonian ire by refusing to make an honest woman of Nina Stuyvesant. Donald then offers his hand and heart to the lady.*

MR. SHERWOOD, that favourite of many critics who can do no wrong, reminds one of the late lamented Mr. Icarus of fable fame. He wanted to fly with waxen wings, and the wings melted. . . . In "The Road to Rome" he came pretty near his goal, although our public would have none of it; in "Acropolis," a masterpiece of impotent grandiloquence, he foundered entirely; and now in "REUNION IN VIENNA" (proscribed, so I hear, in film form there), he manages to please the crowd, that, like the cat, is always prone to look at a king—or shall we say a Prince? Now, besides the resuscitated amourette of the Prince with the wife of an idiotic professor who dabbles in incomprehensible modes of expression, in weird psychological explorations, there is practically no substance in the play. On the other hand, there is any amount of badinage, sometimes witty, sometimes so would-be clever that no one can make out what the author is driving at.

The first act is all idle talk, and it is not until the second that we reach something like comedy more or less in the form of the Offenbach libretto of "Orphée aux Enfers" or "La Belle Hélène," by Meilhac and Halévy. But the great love scene in "Hélène" is mere child's play compared with the divan episode in the play, although Miss Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, fine artists as they are, somewhat dulcify the eroticism by the subtleness of their acting. That scene, of course, aroused tumultuous applause; it will be the making of the play—*honi soit qui mal y pense*. The third act is, in a way, structurally the best of the three, but, except the two principals, the vapourising husband of Mr. Cecil Parker and the doddering old father of the doctor, cosily played by Mr. Clive Currie, and the old kind of docile go-between drastically sketched by Miss Bertha Belmore (when audible), there is not a character in the cast of thirty people: one hardly remembers anyone; they are all shadows flitting in and out.

I confess to little enjoyment and much *ennui* whenever Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne were not paramount. These two are splendid comedians, although we at some distance from the stage lost a good deal of Mr. Lunt's brilliancy in the haziness of his enunciation. However, his style is perfect—the born Don Juan of manner; suave of tongue, as telling as a Prince as he was Bohemian in his irrepressible facetious and boorish pranks. As for Miss Fontanne, nothing could surpass her grace, her dignity, her languid emotionalism, in the love scenes. She is an adorable person; we are proud that, for all her sojourn in America, she has preserved the distinction of our parlance, the "*glissez, n'appuyez pas*" which is the privilege of a real artist. To these twain Mr. Sherwood owes an immense debt, for their performance was the saving grace of the play.

Mr. John Southern, that enterprising young manager, who made a success of the Pavilion as a "non-stop" vaudeville, has now got into his stride at the Garrick, where he has lit up the old lamps and the new of the time-honoured Music Hall. At first the memorised past, as I would call it, was a little saddening; some of the performers betrayed their yesteryears; but now all is gay, and the programme is a credit to our modern days, as well as to those "Naughty 'Nineties" so charmingly revived by a bevy of pretty girls in all the discreet raiments of the Victorian Era. In the first part are those magnificent numbers, Tom Prior, that "cheekiest schoolboy ever"—humorous impertinence incarnate; the Dakotas' mastery in the manipulation of the lasso; and the three Australian Boys, who excel on concertina, fiddle, and in song. But, of course, the music hall of yesterday is the big attraction. There they sit at the Chairman's table, the old boys sipping tea in doleful reminiscence of pristine whisky and gin, presided over by the evergreen Charles Austin, as joyous as his predecessors of old, aided and abetted by the cheeky call-boy, Willie Lancet, ever ready with a sally or a quip. How they greeted that truly great artiste, Lily Morris, as fresh today as in the 'nineties, a vital spark if ever there was one; how they hailed the dear, stoutish old conjurer, Carlton, as up to date in his marvellous card tricks, and as baffling, as any of the younger generation; how they listened piously to the lovely music of the Alf Leonard Trio, which spread an air of distinction over the proceedings! But the climax of the joyful feast was really reached when Herschel Henlere at the piano spiritedly played all the songs of the good old times, from "Annie Laurie" to "My Old Dutch," of the unforgettable Albert Chevalier. Then we, young and old—aye, even an old critic—sang with all our hearts in oblivion of the workaday world. It was truly stirring, and a renowned actress in the audience, Mme. Tanzi Barozzi, the leading lady of the National Theatre of Rumania, who is about to appear in London, summed up the situation in a charming phrase: "*Quels délicieux enfants, ce public anglais!*" Yes, our public, for all its worries, has still the heart of a child.

"*THE MAN WHO WAS FED UP*," *at the Vaudeville. Wild enthusiasm of Donald Geddes (ALASTAIR SIM) registered at the return of Joe Stuyvesant (BASIL FOSTER; right), the Man Who Was Fed Up, from his Cornish retreat, on the very evening before Donald is to marry Joe's ex-wife, Nina. The incautious Scot has repented his magnanimity in regard to marriage.*

The annual theatrical production by members of the GLENTANAR HOUSE-PARTY took place last week, performances being given, as usual, at Glen Tanar House and at the Aboyne and Glen Tanar Victory Hall. The programme included "COMMUNITY SINGING IN THE HOME," a farcical sketch by Ronald Jeans. The characters in this are (from l. to r.) A Guest (LADY GLENTANAR), Schoolmistress (MISS ISA DUNCAN), City Clerk (HON. LAURENCE METHUEN), Child of the Clerk (LADY GRIZEL BOYLE), His Wife (MISS BETTINE SPEIR), A Guest (MLLE. RÉGIS DE OLIVEIRA), the Major (LORD ROWALLAN), the Boarding-house Proprietress (MR. NORMAN DAIN), the Maid (the HON. MRS. LAURENCE METHUEN), the Tired Business Man (MR. RICHARD BUCKLEY), the Elderly Vamp (MISS MARY WELLESLEY), A Guest (MR. DUDLEY FORWOOD), A Guest (LADY MAUREEN BRABAZON), A Guest and the Old Lady (COL. and the HON. MRS. G. EGERTON-WARBURTON).

"THE BLIND BEGGARS" was the opening number in the show. MR. NORMAN DAIN and LORD ROWALLAN were the artful mendicants, Zachariah Morgan and Mr. Buffles.

"BOBBIE SETTLES DOWN" was another item on the programme. This group shows George (COLONEL G. EGERTON-WARBURTON), Roberta (Bobbie) (LADY GLENTANAR), Grace (the HON. MRS. LAURENCE METHUEN), and Agnes (MISS BETTINE SPEIR).

"SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?", by J. M. Barrie, was also given. Our group shows (l. to r.) Mr. Vaile (MR. NORMAN DAIN), Mrs. Preen (MISS ISA DUNCAN), Mr. Gourlay (MR. DUDLEY FORWOOD), Sir Joseph (MR. RICHARD BUCKLEY), Butler (LORD ROWALLAN), Mrs. Castro (MISS MARY WELLESLEY), Lady Jane (LADY GLENTANAR), the Host (LORD GLENTANAR), Lady Wrathie MRS. EGERTON-WARBURTON), Miss Isit (Miss B. SPEIR), Mr. Preen (HON. LAURENCE METHUEN), Miss Vaile (MLLE. REGIS DE OLIVEIRA), Mrs. Bland (LADY MAUREEN BRABAZON), Maid (LADY GRIZEL BOYLE), Capt. Jennings (COLONEL EGERTON-WARBURTON).

THE GLENTANAR AMATEURS, 1934.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

BY far the most amusing person in "BROADWAY THRU' A KEY-HOLE" (Tivoli) is a wholly collateral character, a dance director at a fashionable New York night-club. Played with gusto by Gregory Ratoff, this burly Teuton with a Scottish name, alternating between the despair of a thwarted genius and the complaisance of an employee, is a truly comic figure. For the rest, Walter Winchell's story is an elaborate variant of the eternal triangle, with a racketeer at one angle, a "crooner" at the other, and an honest little dancer in between. With a theme of "pull crook, pull crooner," there is abundant opportunity for show stuff — some of it charmingly staged—and the familiar clash of rival gangs. When the heroine has finally married her crooner, and "all is over except the shooting," the gangsters get busy, kidnap the bride, and wound the chivalrous racketeer, just to give us our money's-worth.

The plot is loosely knit and drags at times, though the director, Lowell Sherman, gets in some of his wonted cynical touches with good effect, and makes great play with the lights of Broadway. But his peep-show "thru' a keyhole" resolves itself into a cavalcade of conventional figures, with Constance Cummings and Paul Kelly at the head, the late Texas Guinan glittering spasmodically in their wake, Russ Columbo investing the romantic "crooner" with a pleasant simplicity of manner, and Blossom Seeley supplying the wise-cracks of the inevitable hard-boiled friend.

"REUNION IN VIENNA," the Robert E. Sherwood play at the Lyric. ALFRED LUNT as Rudolf Maximilian von Hapsburg thinking with envy of the genuine Hapsburg Lip as guaranteed by historic portraiture. His ridiculous headgear, amounting almost to a disguise, is necessitated by a rumour that the Viennese republican police would be pleased to have a word with him.

The big fight in "EVERYWOMAN'S MAN," in which Primo Carnera himself comes near to losing the World Championship to Max Baer, and Jack Dempsey is the referee, is sensational enough to draw every "fight fan" in London to the Empire. It is staged with the acme of realism, not only within the ropes, but round and about the ring. The vast crowd, swept by the rising tide of hysterical excitement under the mighty arc-lights, the reporters hammering out their messages, the broadcaster with his quick-fire patter, all contribute to the drama of individual hope and fear centred in the two battered pugilists. And, I can assure you, you forget to smile at the great Primo's surprising peril before the end. The story that leads up to this *scène à faire* is an old friend—the one about the embryo "champ" who gets too big for his boots, and the neglected wife who returns to forgive and to encourage when the fight is going against her man. But the director, W. S. Van Dyke, has handled his material with pace and vigour, giving to more or less stereotyped characters a freshness that, thanks to Myrna Loy's intelligence and poise, Otto Kruger's clean-cut portrayal of her racketeer "protector," Walter Huston's brilliant cameo of the pugilist's manager, no less than to Max Baer's fistic prowess and real acting ability, brings them to life.

For admirers of Joe E. Brown and his smile, "SON OF A SAILOR," at the Capitol, should prove a strong tonic. The rôle of "Handsome," the biggest braggart in the U.S. Navy, and the breezy atmosphere of life below decks offer the comedian a profitable medium; but the story of his adventures — planned on exaggerated lines—develops rapidly from the barely probable to the utterly incredible, and in its final stages gets completely out of hand. "Handsome" is as handsome does, and, though a stern moralist would deny our hero the right to his nickname, his shady methods are undoubtedly successful. From the day he wangles the inter-ship boxing championship his star is in the ascendant, and he proceeds by a series of flukes to outwit a couple of international crooks, escape from an uncontrolled aeroplane, to emerge, finally, unscathed, from a bombarded derelict battle-ship. Extravagant thrills these, but we expect prodigious achievement from Mr. Brown, "whose bright smile haunts me still." The cast includes Frank McHugh, who has some funny moments as a gullible shipmate, and Thelma Todd makes a brief appearance as the vamp; but "Son of a Sailor" makes its appeal as a one-man show, and nobody else has much opportunity to shine.

Constance Bennett as a discharged reformatory inmate, and the eventual bride of a bargee, is at any rate a novelty. Whether the devotees of the blonde *article de luxe* will welcome an innovation that removes our Constance from the gilded frame which usually sets off her polished personality is another question; a question that would not arise, however, had the story of "BED OF ROSES" (Plaza) justified the exchange by carrying complete conviction. This tale of an embittered girl, determined to use her wits, who secures a "bed of roses" by theft and trickery, only to forsake it for the owner of a dingy cotton-barge, travels over the surface of rather sordid realities and seldom plumbs the depths. The picture is excellently staged — its fog-wreathed dockside backgrounds are pictorially admirable—and introduces a clever newcomer in Pert Kelton, who, as the heroine's laconic friend, handles a comedy part with great *aplomb*. Partnered by Joel McCrea as the bargee, Miss Bennett brings all her charm and ability into action in a part that leaves her—and us—somewhat sceptical.

"REUNION IN VIENNA," at the Lyric. The Hapsburg Lip again! In this episode recorded by Sherriffs, Prince Rudolf (ALFRED LUNT), intoxicated by his own charm, assails with impudent confidence the virtue of Frau Krug (Elena), his erstwhile mistress (LYNN FONTANNE), now the wife of the staid psychiatrist, Krug.

Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page VIII.

MARLENE DIETRICH'S FIRST APPEARANCES.

MISS MARLENE DIETRICH, the famous screen star who is known to admirers in every country of the world, did not make a success the first time she was screened. About six years ago she played in her first sound-film, "Ich Küsse Ihre Hand, Madam" ("I Kiss Your Hand, Madam"). The picture was not particularly well received.

In 1927 Miss Marlene Dietrich only had a small part in a sensational picture with HARRY PIEL, the German actor who is so well known for his detective rôles.

This is another "still" showing Miss Marlene Dietrich with Harry Piel in the sensational picture of 1927.

Miss Marlene Dietrich made HER FIRST SCREEN APPEARANCE in 1923 in a picture entitled "The Man on the Way."

"GOOD-NIGHT," SHE SAID.

By NAOMI LUDOLF.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

JENNIFER lay back miserably in bed. Ten minutes to eleven! In ten minutes the porter would cut her off from the switch-board below. Should she ask him to leave the night-line through to her room? . . . Should she? What was the use? No one would telephone and relieve her depression . . . no one ever did. Maybe she herself could think of someone to telephone to. Maybe. She stretched out a pessimistic arm and lifted the receiver. "Yes, Madame?"

"Will you leave the line through to my room?"

"Certainly, Madame."

At eleven o'clock she heard the tiny tinkle which registered the fact that the porter had put the line through to her room. For half an hour she lay there. What an ass she'd been! Perhaps she could sleep if she tried. Tr-r-ing! Tr-r-ing! She sat up sharply. Her heart beat a little faster. "Terrardo 02407?"

"Yes!"—"Anyone there by the name of Smythe?"

Curse! "Afraid you'll have to ring up in the morning; the porter goes off duty at eleven. They've left the line through to my room."

"Thank you." Jennifer settled herself comfortably once more. What did people do when they were alone and hating it? Just bear it? Or think uplifting thoughts? *She* didn't know. Life was a ghastly mess just now—perhaps it was the aftermath of having Bill around. Bill was a swine, she reflected. But at least their daily and nightly squabbles and fights had left no time for boredom. Tr-r-ing! Tr-r-ing! She sat up less eagerly. "Hallo!"

"Put me through to Mr. Pepito, will you?" a sharp feminine voice with a faint twinge of Cockney commanded her.

"I'm afraid I can't. You see——"

"Why not?" Jennifer started. "I can't put you through because the porter goes off duty at eleven and they've left the line through to my room. Ring up in the morning after nine." She banged down the receiver. Tr-r-ing! Tr-r-ing! "Yes?"

"Will you put me through to Mr. Pepito?" This was more than she'd bargained for. "For heaven's sake listen!"

"But I've 'phoned before——"

"Before eleven!" Jennifer snapped.

"Here! Here!" The voice grew quite wild. "What shall I do? I've GOT to speak to Mr. Pepito!"

"I've told you. Ring up in the morning after——"

"Do you know, I think he's got the room directly below yours."—"How do you know what room I've got?"

"He's in No. 3."—"Oh, is he? And what house is he in?" Jennifer's eyes narrowed. "Thirty-one."

"Well, I'm in Twenty-nine," Jennifer triumphed. "It's no good—leave it till the morning. Give him a sleepless night."

Bang! Well, she ought to have done Mr. Pepito a good turn. Would she have plagued anybody to get through to Bill in the days when she had thought herself in love with him? Strange how little impression he had made on her during the year of their married life. Maybe the fact that she had spent most of the weekdays with her people, and he every week-end with his, had had something to do with it. But even when they had been together—— Tr-r-ing! Tr-r-ing! The woman again. "Well?" she snorted. "02407?"—"Yes."—"Hold on, please."

She heard a line being put through. A thick nasal voice spoke. "Sonia?"—"What number do you want?"

"Oh, quit stalling. Sonia?"—"Look here, you can't get through to this house after eleven, because the porter——"

"Get the hell outa here, can't ya. . . . Sonia?"

Bang! Jennifer cut him off rather violently. She lit a cigarette savagely. Really! Was this pantomime to be enacted all night? She was SO glad she had asked to have the beastly line left through to her room. Such a NICE time she was having! EVER SO amusing! What with trunk calls . . . young women who expected her to page foreign gentlemen in her pyjamas . . .

Tr-r-ing! Tr-r-ing! "YES?"— 02407?— "It certainly is!"

"Hold on, please."—"Sonia?"

"You're drunk!" admonished Jennifer severely. "Now, what number do you want?"—"Terrardo 02407."

"Well, you've got it. But you can't speak to Sonia because the porter goes off duty at eleven and they've left the line through to my room."—"Is that so, sweetheart?"

"You must ring up in the morning after nine."

"Say, how d'you get that way? Ordering me about——!"

"You're drunk! Have some black coffee."

"Who says I'm drunk?"

"I do! I can tell a drunken man anywhere. I was married to one once," she added with an air of finality.

"Oh, you were, were you? Well, what about coming over and having a little drink with me? No foolin'!"

"Listen, big boy! No doubt you mean well, but I'm a respectable young woman—and, what's more, I don't drink."

"O-kay by me, baby. I'll see you're respectable."

"Go to bed!"

"Say, listen, honey! I been hangin' round this joint for three weeks. . . . I'm feelin' kinda lonesome, I guess——"

"Too bad you couldn't get hold of Sonia."

"Well, you answered, sweetheart——"

"And don't call me sweetheart! It isn't done in the best English society."

"But I'm just a god-darned Yankee. Gee, I'm tough!"

Jennifer giggled. "What's your name?"

"Say, what's this? Third degree or somethin'?"

"Not at all. I merely thought it would be nice to know who I'm talking to."

"Oh, you did, did you? Mighty friendly. . . . Why not gimme a break and come and see for yourself?"

"That would be taking a chance!"

"And ain't I taking a chance?"

"Oh, no! I'm MOST attractive."

"Is that so? Well, quit kiddin' and come over."

"I'm in bed."

"Have you never been in bed before? Can't you get up?"

"You know, I'd like to! It seems like an adventure. I've been so bored since Bill. Can I eat if I come? I'm hungry."

"Sure, you can eat!"

"Well, where are you, and what's your name?"

"Are you comin'?"—"Yes."

"Right. I'm at the Commodore——"

"Aren't you GRAND——?"

"My name's Schmidt. No. 234. Get that?"

"Yes. My name's Jennifer Stanley. I'll be round in about twenty minutes." Click! Jennifer sat up in a whirl. What had she done? WHAT had she said? Heavens! If Bill knew—pshaw! Bill didn't matter any more. Might be safer not to go, though. Supposing he were a gangster? She glanced at her watch. Twenty minutes, she had said. The Commodore was only about fifty yards away. She'd start dressing.

She finished dressing in rather the same spirit that she dressed to go to the theatre. She must take pains with her appearance—what a surprise he'd get! Bill had so often told her she was lovely. . . . The white satin of her gown shimmered over her slender body—strangely childlike she looked, and innocent. She ran a comb through her blonde curls, and, throwing a short ermine coat over one arm, she crept fearfully from the room and into the automatic lift.

She felt rather like a thief in the night. Adventure! Good thing she and Bill had rowed so disastrously, or this couldn't have happened. Why shouldn't a girl sow wild oats, anyway? She hailed a taxi. Lucky there was one passing. She might be misunderstood if she were seen walking along the street alone in evening dress at this hour.

She entered the lift. "Will you take me up to 234?"

"Certainly, Madame." The key was on the outside of the door. She tapped gently. She could hear a voice—telephoning. Jennifer opened the door boldly and walked in.

A short, middle-aged man, his looks strangely belying his voice, was sitting on the arm of a chair, clutching a telephone-receiver to his ear. Twinkling blue eyes smiled at her. A hand motioned to a chair.

Did he spend his life telephoning? Queer—all sense of adventure had left her now. Such a domestic-looking little man! She felt sure he had crowds of children who bullied him hopelessly. He had a short, clipped moustache. Funny, she hadn't connected him with a moustache. But then, she hadn't really connected him with anything—except adventure. Jennifer lit a cigarette and waited for him to finish his conversation.

"No; listen, honey," he was saying. "You can't come up here now. I'm in bed. . . . Cross my heart! Honest I am! Gotta get some sleep, little girl. . . . Sure, I'll put you in the picture. Ain't I said so? No . . . you can't come up now! Call me to-morrow. What? No! Listen, Sonia. . . . No foolin'. . . . Get the hell outa here, can't ya? Call to-morrow! Attagirl!"

The little man hung up the receiver and mopped his brow. "Gee, that's the girl I was trying to get when you answered. Called me up—just after I hung up on you!" He advanced slowly, impersonally, towards her. "I must say I'm agreeably surprised. . . . Got class written all over you." Dear little man!

"Have a drink? What about a glass of champagne?"

"No, thanks."

"Gee! You want food." He rang for the waiter. "Order

[Continued on page viii.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

"Oh, how sweet of Alice to remember my birthday! . . . I wonder what she's sent me?"

"Good heavens! Fancy giving me cigarettes! Alice knows I don't approve of women smoking."

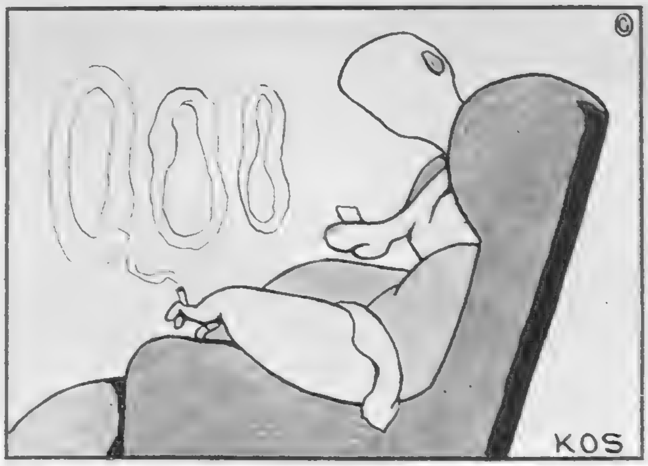
"I've never even thought of trying such a thing!"

"Not, of course, that I'm afraid . . ."

"I'll prove it, in fact . . ."

"——————"

"Terribly common of me, I suppose . . ."



"Well . . . we must have a smoke-ring contest at our next bazaar!"

MRS. HIPPO — THE CONVERT.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

Swift the Egoist.

The life of Swift is a fascinating subject: so much, and at the same time so little, is known about him. From September 1710 to June 1713 Swift kept an almost daily record of his doings, and "The Journal to Stella," being a series of love-letters, and intimate love-letters at that, should have provided us with a key to his personality. But, in the opinion of his latest biographers, Mr. Mario Rossi and Mr. J. N. Hone, it does not—

as is seen if we pierce to the core of the matter and discover the truth of Swift's own statement that the Journal told nothing but where he dined and the occurrences of the day.

And, again—

Lord Halifax is always teazing me to go down to his country house, which will cost me a guinea to his servants and twelve shillings coach-hire: he shall be hanged first.

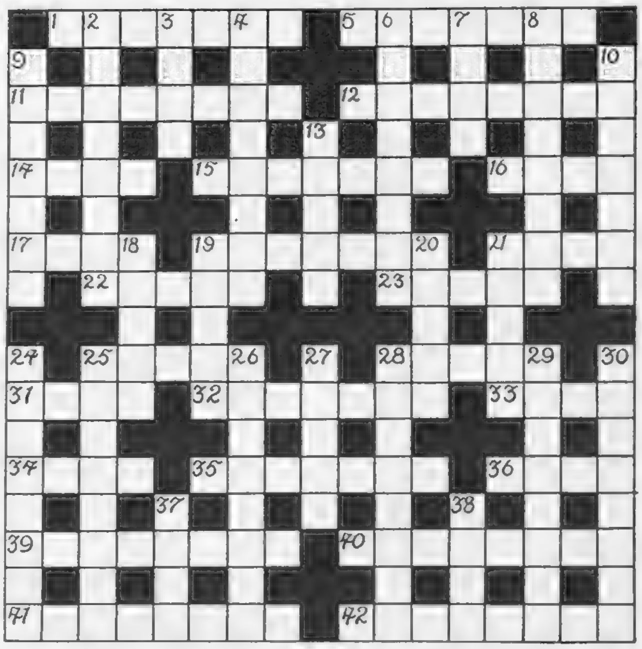
His vanity is so transparent one can only smile at it. Did a man of Swift's intelligence suppose that Stella would be taken in? Or that she would be favourably impressed by this, and the many other admissions of parsimony, scattered through the Letters? Or that she would feel much sympathy with the symptoms of his hypochondria, his nervous dread of the plague that had broken out in Newcastle? And very often he treats his correspondent simply as an auditor, whose great quality is that she cannot show that she is bored, telling her time and again how he interviewed the Duke of Ormond and other Peers, hoping to obtain their patronage for himself, or his friends. When he says: "I hate to have new wits rise, but when they do rise I would encourage them," I do not think we need imagine that he is trying to impress Stella; we can safely give him the benefit of his generosity.

The Heart of the Mystery. The biographers call their book "Swift; or the Egoist," and throughout they are at pains to prove that Swift was an egoist so confirmed that the outside world only existed for him, as something to be conquered or hated

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

ACROSS.

1. Presume this might be quite first-class.
5. Book of the Bible.
11. Absolutely idiotic.
12. Room for an oarsman? Probably sink in it!
14. Part of a foot.
15. One often hasn't this notion.
16. German alternative for Frankfort?
17. Fond of wine? She 's always where it 's kept.
19. Sticks here in the small trade announcements.
21. The golfer's river.
22. Scottish county.
23. After a round, you can't tell who started it.
25. Requires no explanation.
28. This mine is to settle.
31. We live in one.
32. There 's nothing like it, they say, but you nearly have to eat her, when she loses her head.
33. Land before it for a painter.
34. By no means tongue-tied.
35. The kind of Q that wouldn't suit a G.
36. This ship can never be at sea.
39. Ragged.
40. Our next-door cat 's complaint?
41. Some young "limb" around another for the bloater's origin.
42. A document about a complicated case is late.



DOWN.

2. Not much good unless it 's used up.
3. A club begins to inflict torture.
4. Ducks half in St. James's Park.
6. A famous hunt sounds more brown than pink.
7. Told in another way.
8. Where economy lectures would appear superfluous.
9. One over the eight fuddled, and one under: result—more intoxicated.
10. Tree.
13. The lines on which he governs should never be wobbly.
18. This is not wrong when it isn't right.
19. To do with the ear—or is it the mouth?
20. Certainly far from 9 down.
21. I saw a quite up-to-date girl behind it in the train this morning.
24. No behaviour for the still-room, surely!
25. You 'll find Lois in it.
26. The particular body Reginald referred to.
27. An awful one is not necessarily in the U.S.A.
28. An uncompromising attitude determined by someone's young man.
29. A coin in tears reverberates.
30. He must find it hard to draw the line.
37. Has a decided objection to quail.
38. Volume—so it appears to me.

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, January 22, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published at the top left-hand corner of page VIII) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

"The Journal to Stella." With all respect to Swift himself, and to his biographers, whose erudition is enormous, I think that this is an over-statement. It is true that the Journal is not rich in self-analysis, but it is self-revealing, none the less. If we set aside the endearments (no difficult task, for they are often couched in baby-talk—"the little language"—and usually inserted at the end of each letter, without reference to what goes before), we get a good idea of what Swift felt and thought, as well as what he did, during an average day. In love-letters, the biographers declare—

we find only a lover's eager pride, and the wish to appear the finest and best man in the world, or even on the contrary, to appear dejected, so as to be pitied and fondled. Not deliberate lies, but the instinctive presentation of that aspect of his soul which can best be appreciated.

No doubt this is true of many love-letters: full of amorous self-consciousness, the writer struts and preens himself and does his utmost to cut a fine figure. But Swift was not quite like that. For one thing, he was not in the least in awe of Stella; he counted confidently upon her love, and often throws out endearments in the perfunctory manner of someone tossing a bone to a dog. And moreover, to say what he did not feel was contrary to his nature; the merit of his famous literary style consisted in the perfect adjustment of thought and word. He expressed himself as fully and perfectly in prose as a painter or a musician does in the medium of their purer arts. Swift lets us see quite plainly that he was a man who enjoyed social life, at any rate dining out; that he was a snob, and, like other snobs, apt to exaggerate his own importance in the eyes of the great. Lord Salisbury

seemed mighty desirous to talk to me, and while he was wriggling himself into my favour, . . . etc.

or despised. When he had finished with real persons, he invented imaginary figures on whom he could spend his hate. "Gulliver's Travels" is an allegory of his life; Swift is Gulliver, and the deformed creatures he encounters on his several voyages represent the human race, seen in its true shape and colours. Swift was not abnormal, his biographers insist, in the medical sense; if he did not marry Stella he was almost certainly her lover, and when he expired, "a driveller and a show" (in Johnson's phrase), he was only suffering from illness and loss of memory; he was not really mad. What he suffered from, and what made his character inexplicable to posterity, was his devouring egoism, which, because it could not subdue mankind like a Napoleon or an Alexander, turned against and vilified it.

It is an interesting thesis, very ably supported and worked out; how far it will satisfy scholars I am not competent to say. My criticism of it, from the standpoint of the general reader, is that it is too analytical and psychological; the authors are so busy dissecting Swift that they forget to give us an objective impression of him. It is an anatomical study, not a portrait. An anatomical study (except to specialists) cannot fail to be slightly repellent, and Swift emerges from these pages a kind of monster. This is surely a mistake, for we have only to read his letters and the letters he received, and to consider how he was worshipped by a large circle of friends, to realise that he had lovable qualities which his egoism was powerless to destroy. I cannot believe that a man was altogether an egoist who possessed Swift's generous impulses, and the disinterested passion for justice which prompted him to defend the Irish (whom he loathed) against exploitation by the "mean ordinary" Wood and his notorious "ha-pence."

[Continued on page 128.

Bear Brand

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CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"I DIDN'T see any mention of it in the papers," said Our Stroller. "Is this the lobby?"

He looked round and began to laugh as the funny side of the incident dawned upon him.

"You see," explained his broker, "If you go into the Stock Exchange just before Christmas, you take off your silk hat and leave it here. Else it's certain to go West."

"Or North?"

"He came in after lunch with his topper on, jammed well over his ears. Not that that mattered. It went sailing round the markets in a brace of shakes. Out he went and came back, almost immediately, wearing another."

"That was fairly asking for it, wasn't it?"

"Up that one went too, and there were two hats in the air. Then he appeared wearing a third and perfectly good silk hat."

"He must have been a bull of them."

"Not of his own. Somebody who had left his own hat in the lobby felt a sudden suspicion. He dashed out, and found this chap was taking hats off the pegs and things, putting them on, and walking into the House."

"But surely——"

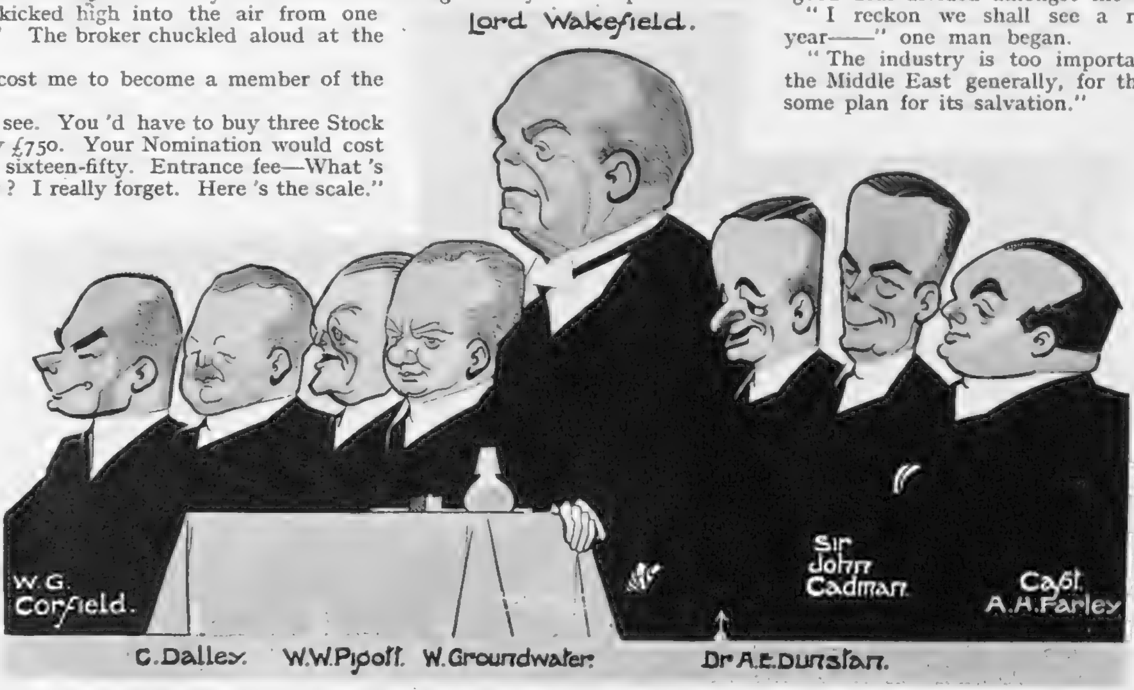
"Laugh, my dear Sir, laugh—the same as we did; hat-owners and all. You don't take offence at any little joke in the Stock Exchange at holiday times."

"If one of those hats had been mine, I should have said it was carrying a joke too far."

"Not if you had been a member of the Stock Exchange, old son. You would have seen rich humour in your own hat looking utterly disreputable, being kicked high into the air from one market to another." The broker chuckled aloud at the mere recollection.

"What would it cost me to become a member of the House?"

"To-day? Let's see. You'd have to buy three Stock Exchange shares, say £750. Your Nomination would cost about £900. That's sixteen-fifty. Entrance fee—What's the entrance fee now? I really forget. Here's the scale."



OIL SPRINGS ETERNAL! Those who lubricate the wheels of Commerce have this week inspired Fred May's pen. MR. W. G. CORFIELD is a Director of the Assam Oil Company, Ltd., and of the Burmah Shell. MR. C. DALLEY is a Director of the British Controlled Oilfields, Ltd. MR. W. W. PIGOTT is Secretary of the National Oil Federation. MR. W. GROUNDWATER is a Director of Alexander Duckham, Ltd. LORD WAKEFIELD needs no introduction, as his name is a household one. He is Governing Director of C. C. Wakefield, Ltd. DR. A. E. DUNSTAN is a Director of National Oil Refineries, Ltd. SIR JOHN CADMAN is an outstanding figure in oil, and is associated with numerous companies. He is a Director of the Anglo-Persian Oil. CAPTAIN A. H. FARLEY is a Director of Roumanian Oilfields, Ltd., the Phœnix Oil and Transport Company, Ltd., and the Comodoro Oil and Transport Co., Ltd.

The two men studied the lengthy list of charges for Stock Exchange entrance fees and subscriptions.

"There you are," the broker pointed out. "Three-decker entrance fee is six hundred guineas. That makes about twenty-three hundred in all, doesn't it? There's the annual subscription on top of that, and you have to get three sureties."

"Is that difficult?"

"Not so easy for a jobber as it is for a broker. If you've been in the House as a clerk for four years, the fees are much less, you'll notice."

"Why?"

"The idea is that a man with four years' service in the House must necessarily have gained some experience about the risks attached to the business, and therefore he is less liable to do anything rash. After all, if he starts plunging on a small capital, he is apt to be more of a menace than a help to business."

Our Stroller nodded. "I wish," said he, his mind wandering back to hats, "my shares would go up as easily as you say the toppers did at Christmas-time."

"But hats came down as quickly as they went up," the broker rejoined. "And, don't forget, very much the worse for their journey."

"I should get out at the top," confidently replied his client.

"We all hope to do that. I would give a good deal to know how industrial prices will be standing, say, a year ahead."

"Oho! Give a good deal!" exclaimed a jobber. "We would all do that. I would give fifty pounds more than you; just to start the bidding."

"Ah, but supposing you knew, for absolute certain, that any particular shares would be quoted half a crown lower, a year hence, than they are to-day. What good would it do you?"

"Sell a bear——"

"And find, sooner or later, that you couldn't carry-over. Then where would you be?"

"In the soup. You'd have to take option-money."

"And stand the racket of getting landed in much the same way. I can't see that the information you're so keen about would be any great benefit unless it were something on the bull tack."

"That's good enough for me."

"Tell me something that will have risen on January the Seventeenth Nineteen Thirty-Five, above what it is to-day."

"Your age will——"

"Some of those Australia mines," a dealer declared. "Great Boulders, Lake Views——"

"London Australian and General if you want low-priced things. Scope for talent, you know."

"So there is in Rhodesia Corporations. I rather like the companies that give you a good speculative run for your money."

"Then why not stick to your East Rand Consols and West Wits.?"

"One of those newer resurrected concerns, Eastern Transvaal Consolidated, looks on paper like turning out well. Five bob shares, standing about eight shillings."

"Fireworks? No? H'm."

"A year hence, we were talking of."

"You know," said a broker confidentially, "that the oil market should be having a run before very long."

"That's what I've been telling my clients," another member agreed. "Seems to me the good ones are quite cheap."

"So are some of the others."

"I'm not going to be tempted. Burmah, Anglo-Persians, Shells—they're good enough for me."

"Don't you think the public will sell some of the industrials that have had such big rises, and go in for shares giving a better yield?"

Opinions were a good deal divided amongst the group.

"I reckon we shall see a rubber boomlet this year——" one man began.

"The industry is too important to Holland and the Middle East generally, for them not to discover some plan for its salvation."

"I believe we shall have good business in rubber shares this year."

"People do like the home things, though. My idea is that the iron and steel shares will keep pretty popular for some time to come."

"I'm with you there. Coal and engineering shares as well. Home trade is going ahead. Take the textile companies——"

Our Stroller came in with the statement that his brother-in-law, who had a factory in Yorkshire, was working full time with a pay-roll of 240 people, against half-time with 150 a year ago."

"Shows you what's happening, doesn't it. This should mean there's a much greater spending power amongst the public——"

"Then newspaper shares should be worth having, if that's the case."

"So they are. We are out of the depression, thank Heaven; that's a sure thing."

"It was a rotten time while it lasted. We don't want that sort of thing again in a hurry."

"Any other country but England——" Our Stroller began.

They edged away distrustfully from him. He went out of the House alone. His broker caught him up in Throgmorton Street.

"What have I done?" demanded Our Stroller. "What did I say to——"

"Some things are felt but not said in the Stock Exchange," was the reply.

They walked as far as Stoneham's, in silence.

"I am awfully sorry; I won't do it again," Our Stroller apologised, so contritely that his broker forgave him on the spot and took him into Slaters for tea.

Friday, Jan. 12, 1934.

JANUARY, 1934

16th to 31st inclusive

16th **Racing.** Birmingham.

17th **Racing.** Hurst Park.
Hockey. Royal Air Force v. Royal Engineers, Uxbridge.
Ice Hockey. Grosvenor House Canadians v. Cambridge University.

18th **Racing.** Hurst Park.
Amateur Boxing. The Navy v. Royal Air Force, Salisbury.

19th **Racing.** Newbury.
Ice Hockey. Oxford University v. Queen's.

20th **Racing.** Newbury.
Rugby (Union). Wales v. England. Upper Clapton v. Metropolitan Police. Old Blues v. United Services, Portsmouth. Richmond v. Cambridge.
Rugby (Northern). St. Helens v. Leeds. Swinton v. Halifax. Keighley v. Warrington. Huddersfield v. Dewsbury.
Assoc. Football. Manchester City v. Arsenal. Tottenham Hotspurs v. Leicester City. Marlow v. Aylesbury United. Metropolitan Police v. Wood Green.
Ice Hockey. Warwickshire v. Lancashire.
Hockey. Blackheath v. Reigate. Royal Navy and Marines v. Beckenham. Wimbledon v. Oxford University Occasionals.

22nd **Racing.** Derby.
Ice Hockey. Streatham v. Oxford University.

23rd **Racing.** Derby.
Shows. Flower Show, Horticultural Hall.
Old Custom. Up-Helly, a Festival, Lerwick, Shetland Isles.

24th **Racing.** Chelmsford.

25th **Amateur Boxing.** Fitzroy Lodge B.C., Stadium Club, London.
Squash Rackets. South of England Championships (Women), Brighton.

26th **Racing.** Kempton Park.
Squash Rackets. South of England Championships (Women), Brighton.
Amateur Boxing. Hays Wharf S.A., Bermondsey.

27th **Racing.** Kempton Park.
Assoc. Football. F.A. Cup Comp'tion, 4th Round. Wales v. England (Amateur) Bangor.
Hockey. Royal Navy v. Oxford University. Wimbledon v. Southgate. Blackheath v. Teddington.
Ice Hockey. Queen's v. Cambridge University. Lancashire v. Grosvenor Hse. Canadians.
Rugby (Union). Final Irish Trial, Dublin. Harlequins v. Cambridge University. Upper Clapton v. Catford Bridge. Pontypool v. Northampton.
Rugby (Northern). Oldham v. London Highfield. Leeds v. Swinton. Huddersfield v. Bramley.

29th **Racing.** Leicester.
Amateur Boxing. Battersea B.C., Nine Elms Baths.
Squash Rackets. America v. Queen's Club (Women).

30th **Racing.** Leicester.

31st **Racing.** Sandown Park.
Hockey. Royal Navy v. Cambridge.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(Continued from Page 124.)

"Magnus Merriman." "Magnus Merriman" is a chapter in the life of a young man from the Orkneys, who has achieved fame and fortune (in a moderate degree) by the publication of a satirical novel, and, being of a restless and adventurous turn of mind, decides for the moment to give up literature for politics. He fights an election as a Scottish Nationalist and forfeits his deposit—two deposits, in fact; for his scoundrelly agent decamped with the first. He has a love-affair in Edinburgh, another in the Orkneys; he writes a long political poem, he tries his hand at journalism. He drinks heavily, quarrels with a friend about the respective merits of Racine and Shakespeare, disturbs the peace, and spends a night in the cells. During all this time he is usually in the highest spirits, with occasional "hang-overs" and spells of depression in between; but presently he tires of the hurly-burly, and, receiving an imperative summons from his last mistress, Rose, retires to the Orkneys and marries her, resolved to live thenceforth an agricultural, instead of a Bohemian, life.

Magnus is a very likable fellow, and, though his story has no great intrinsic interest, it serves as a thread, or cable, on which Mr. Linklater hangs vividly described impressions of many diverse characters and many different ways of life. Mr. Linklater possesses wit, humour, and a knowledge of human nature; and his writing has so much motive power behind it, his vocabulary is so rich and used in such a masterly fashion, that the reader is whirled along, half intoxicated. Looking back on the book, what we remember with most pleasure are isolated scenes and patches of poetry; the story as a whole is less compelling than its component parts.

"The Lovely Lloyds." Irish life in fiction is generally either very pleasant or very disagreeable. In "The Lovely Lloyds" it is both. Miss Sylvia Murray steers a middle course: she shows us its grace and charm, epitomised in the figures of the Lloyd sisters, whose almost legendary loveliness (referred to almost too often, perhaps) colours the book. But she also portrays its darker side. John Manders, who had married one of the Lloyd sisters, was in spirit and by descent a Cromwellian: his violent temper, his domineering nature, and, above all, his harshness to his tenants, alienated his son Denis, who ran away from home and engaged himself as a farm-labourer. On his father's death he returns to Lennonstown, bringing a bride. His happiness is short-lived. Bridget dies in child-birth, and when the memory of her loss has begun to grow faint, and he is finding solace in the little Brigit, the shadow of an assassin steals across the page. . . . The story does not end sadly, however. It runs its course like an April day, between storm and sunshine, and it sighs itself away with Brigit's wistful, inconclusive romance. Miss Murray has written a charming story; not very strong, perhaps, in plot, but rich in imagination, tremulous with emotion, and shot through and through with the soft bright colours of the Irish landscape.

A Siamese Mystery.

"The Siamese Twin Mystery" has some very original touches, but one cannot help feeling that the extreme heat (the *mise-en scène* is a mountain-top ringed round by a forest fire in July) had muddled the usually acute brain of Ellery Queen. It is only thus that we can excuse some of his blunders, which are no less egregious because he ultimately recognises them himself. The story owes more to the strange and not completely convincing characters, and to the alternation of interest between the mystery itself and the horrid plight of the survivors, than it does to actual detective work. One feels that the murderer of Dr. Xavier should have been fairly quickly unmasked under ordinary conditions; but perhaps in that torrid heat it was praiseworthy ever to have solved the mystery at all.

The EDGWARE OPERATIC SOCIETY'S FOURTH PRODUCTION was an ambitious one, as it was the premier presentation of a new musical play, "ROMANY MOON," with book and lyrics by Cossar Turfery and music by King Palmer. The first act is set on Hampstead Heath on August Bank Holiday, and the action then moves to Malbania. This photograph shows the Royal Palace at Kratz. Miss Dorrie Hancock played Princess Sonia; Mr. Derek Carfax was Elga, ex-Crown Prince of Belgradia; Edward Victor was Sam; J. Melville Terry was the Baron; and Miss Violette Stuart and Mr. Sydney Grant were Lisa and Jo.

These girls were a great feature of the notable amateur production of "ROMANY MOON" by the EDGWARE OPERATIC SOCIETY. It was presented by the National Temperance Hospital at Express Hall, Edgware, for six nights — January 8-13.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Swift; or the Egoist. By Mario M. Rossi and J. N. Hone. (*Gollancz; 16s.*)
Magnus Merriman. By Eric Linklater. (*Cape; 7s. 6d.*)
The Lovely Lloyds. By Sylvia Murray. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)
The Siamese Twin Mystery. By Ellery Queen. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY

OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

The dinner-jacket suit below comes from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W., and is made in a black West of England suiting with an attached waistcoat of white corded silk. The plain skirt has trouser pressings down the front, and the price is twelve-and-a-half guineas to order.

Hand-made Shetland tweed is used for the suit on the right. The coat is in brown, beige, or nigger and natural check, with revers and a skirt to tone. This is cut on slender lines with deep inverted pleats, and is made to order for twelve-and-a-half guineas at Debenham and Freebody's.

NOTABLE NECKLINES

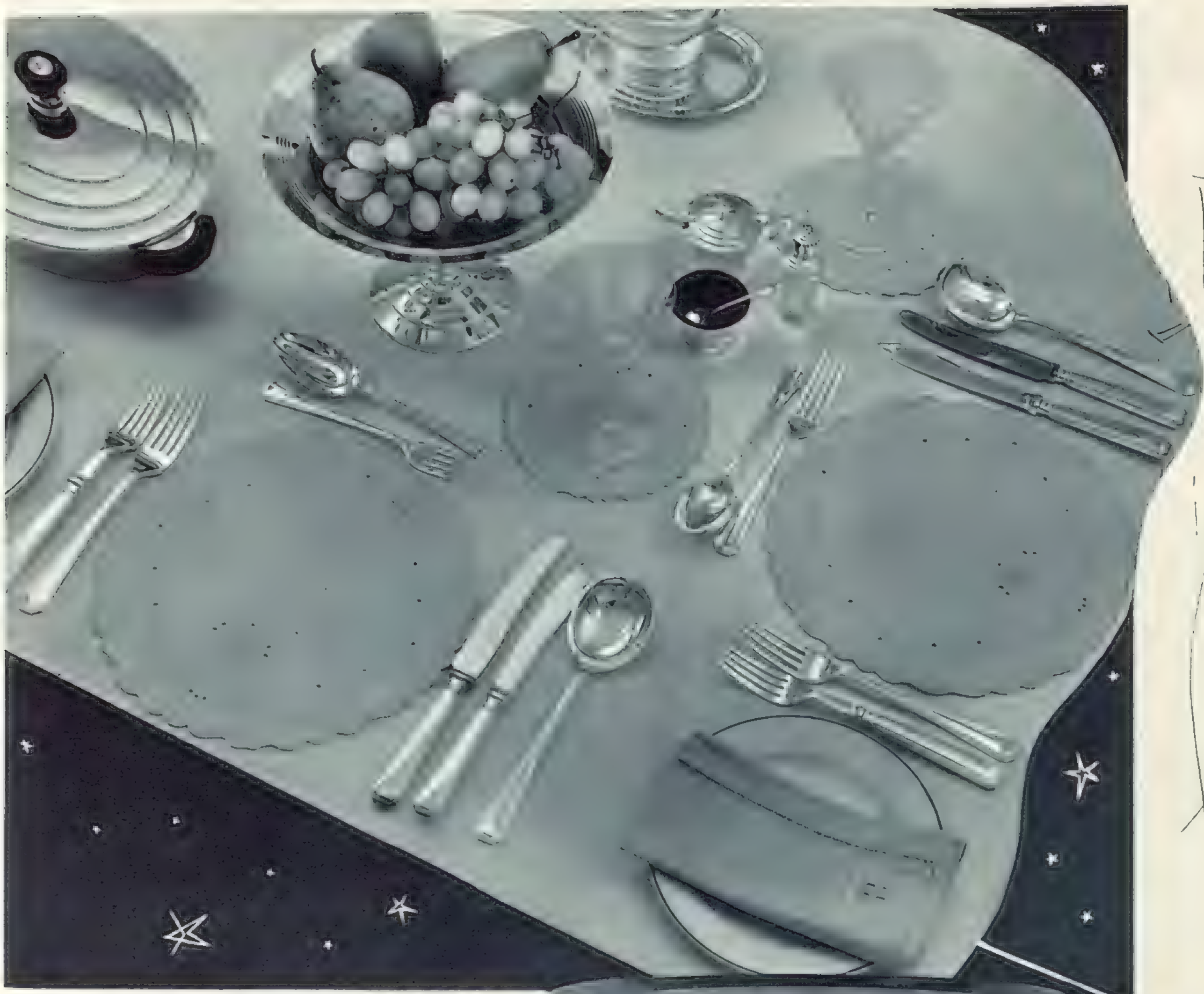
A red, black, and white embroidered plastron provides the above-the-waist interest in this simple black wool dress by Lucien Lelong. It has a leather belt.

Bruyère creates an unusual shoulder-line with a white embroidered yoke set on to a black tunic-frock with a white underskirt. This is shown on the extreme left.

The influence of the jabot on tailored suits is seen below in Augustabernard's beautiful afternoon ensemble of black velours with a high-necked blouse of shadow-striped lamé.

SLOPING SHOULDERS

With voluminous white marocain sleeves gauged across the shoulders and set into deep, fitted cuffs, this fascinating navy blue dress from Barri, of 33, New Bond Street, W.1, is interwoven with a gold thread which makes it gleam like granite. The soft fold at the neck is infinitely flattering, and the bodice crosses at the back and forms long ends which are fastened in front with an ingenious gold clasp.



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Craftsmen of old had only one goal before them—to make something that was beautiful. That in itself was sufficient justification, and no other consideration influenced their work.

The task of the craftsmen of to-day is more complicated, for they have to achieve a dual triumph, satisfying at one and the same time the modern woman's æsthetic sense and her demand for practical things which minimise labour.

The dinner service shown on this page proves how well they have succeeded. Its beautifully balanced lines, so clean and dignified, harmonise perfectly with the decorative schemes of the period, and its solid worth can be appreciated when it is realised that it is the latest design in Prince's Plate, which will stand up to a lifetime of hard wear; for in its manufacture only the finest material is used, and a triple deposit of silver is applied by a secret process which prevents "stripping" and ensures a fine silver colour.

This pattern is called the "Athenian," and is remarkably comprehensive, for it includes a tea service, coffee service, and cocktail sets, in addition to knives, spoons, forks, and everything that can be needed for a well-appointed table.

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On a cold Mid-Winter's Night there's nothing to beat the Stories in

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THE NEW STYLE MAGAZINE — JAN ISSUE ON SALE JAN 1

I CAME, I SAW, I CONQUERED—

Old Tales Re-told

Written and Illustrated by
F. MATANIA, R.I.

"This strange tale is not strange to you nor strange to me. It is common history to both of us; you, because you derive — for all your inevitable admixture of Latin, Saxon, Norman and Dane—from the Ancient Briton; I, because I spring — no matter how remotely — from the race of the Cæsars.

I cannot resist the temptation to present pictorially, instead of mythically, one or two aspects of that incredible clash of Roman steel on British flint which was to light such a candle that we live in its rays to-day; that clash whose heat was to fuse the Celtic and the Latin elements into that mystical compound which to-day rules half the world.

To-day one may see relics of that high civilisation of antiquity: the mosaics of St. Albans; the thermal springs of our spas; half the words in our very dictionaries—but what witness, save for a few dusty flints, remains of the Holy War waged by Ancient Britain against the invader? What token endures of the obstinate valour which gave Julius Cæsar, heading the undefeated legions of soon-to-be-imperial Rome, more food for military thought than even his colossal capacity could gladly relish?

But the victors themselves have left enough material to enable me to reconstruct an accurate close-up of those insuperably spirited warriors called by the culture of the Mediterranean *barbari* —those whose tongue sounded, to ears attuned to the cadence of the sonorous periods of the Classics, a mere babel of Bar-Bar-Bar— barbarians.

A great patriotism animated the Britons . . . "

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No. 20 *(Bottom left)*.—Distinctive **Coat**, tailored in a novelty boucle tweed, with all-round belt and the new cross-over collar of Persian lamb. In stone and brown. Sizes: S.W., W., and O.S.

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A selection of designs in satin on a good quality crepe de chine. In pale shades of pink, coral, nil, yellow, champagne, mauve, and saxe; also ivory and black. Suitable for lingerie wear. Width, 37in.

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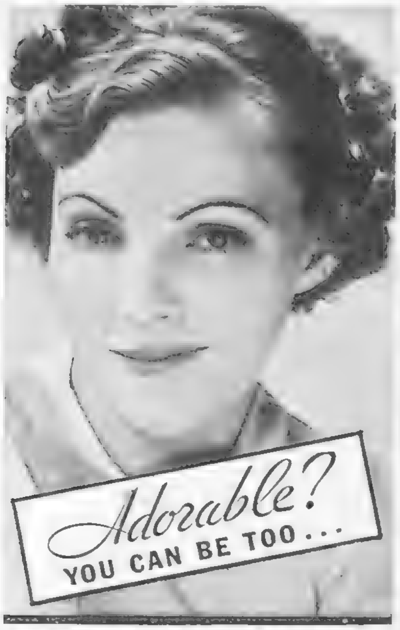
This season's novelty in velvet for smart, formal wear. There are four different designs in small effects of diagonal lines and small checks, which are formed by two tones of the same shade. Colourings include grey, beige, brown, red, blue, purple, and green. The pile is the fashionable "mat" velvet. Widths about 36in.

USUAL PRICES ~~19/11~~ and ~~21/9~~ SALE PRICE 12/9



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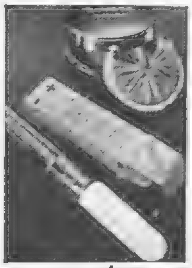

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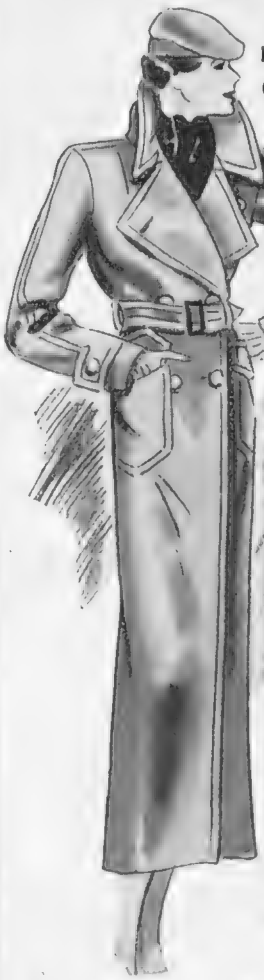

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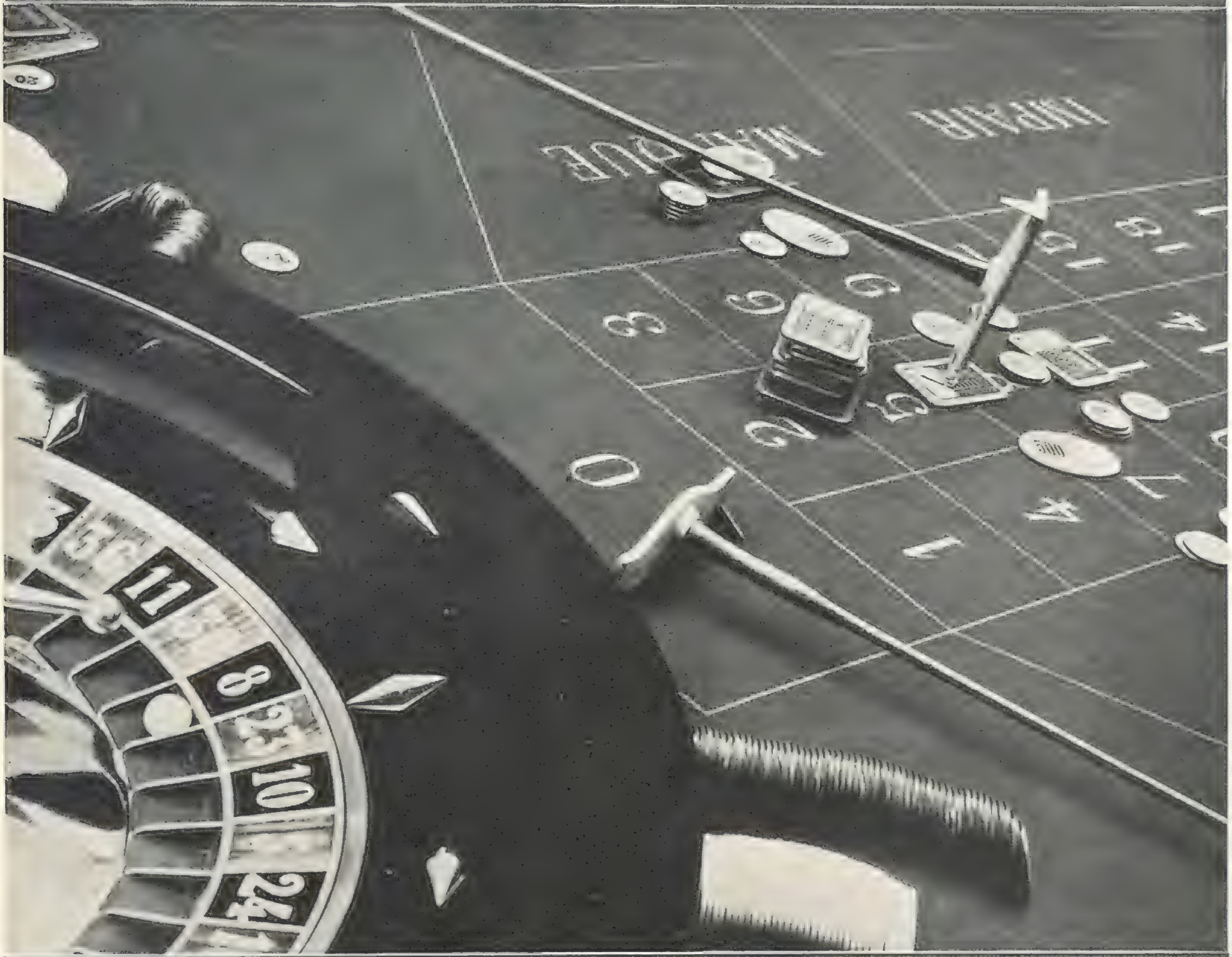

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MOTOR DICTA. By H. E. SYMONS.

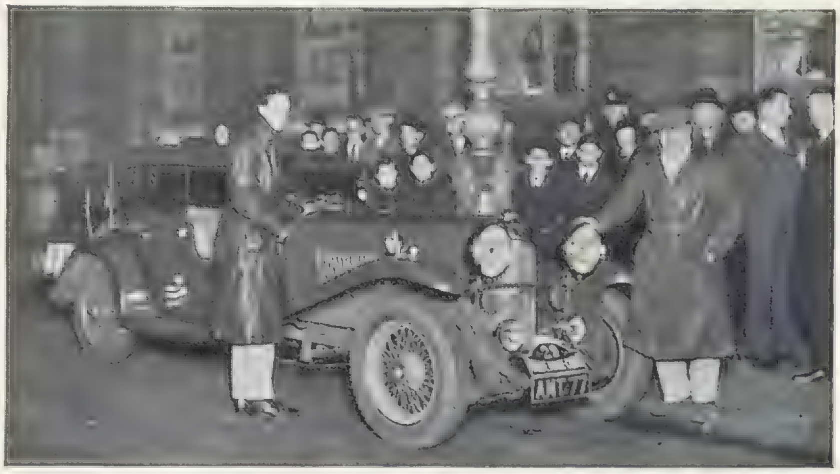
NEXT SATURDAY'S MONTE CARLO RALLY.

FROM an early hour next Saturday morning, the main roads of Europe will display an unwonted activity. In far Rumania, in Greece, in chilly Esthonia, snow-bound Sweden, and sunny Spain, competitors in the great Monte Carlo Rally will be pulling on their gloves, awaiting the signal to start. On the coast of Norway, in Portugal, in Sicily, and in the far north of Scotland, cars bearing the red-and-white Rally identification plates will be taking the road. By midnight 162 cars, which means something like 500 motorists, will be grappling with the difficulties peculiar to the countries through which they are passing. Some, perhaps, will be digging their way through snowdrifts, while others push their cars through swamps or grope their way through dense fog. In a word, the Monte Carlo Rally will be in full swing.

This year this great event, acknowledged the most arduous reliability trial in the world, takes on an added importance. Not only has a record number of 162 entries been received, but 59 of them, or more than one-third, will have British drivers. In addition, at least five Continental competitors are relying on British-built cars to take them safely through this gruelling event. Most of them will have to cover well over 2000 miles in four days and nights if they are to reach Monte Carlo without losing marks.

The most ambitious have chosen Athens as their starting-point, for anyone getting through from there is credited with 1000 marks, although one mark is deducted for every minute late at any of the European capitals passed through *en route*. Those "playing for safety" have chosen Stavanger, in Norway; Umea, in Sweden; or Tallinn, in Esthonia. Each of these places is worth 910 marks, although Bucharest, the "long shot," is credited with 935 points.

No fewer than eight British competitors have chosen the hardest route, from Athens, while nine will brave northern snows, driving south from Umea. There will be four from Tallinn and two from Stavanger, while the John o' Groats total reaches the imposing figure of twenty-five. There are even British drivers starting from such varied places as Valencia, in Portugal; Lisbon, and Palermo. The Athens brigade consists mainly of men, there being only one woman, Mme. S. Schell, who has entered jointly with her husband. Among the British entries are those of Lord de Clifford, who has been consistently successful in Rallies, and is this time driving a $4\frac{1}{2}$-litre Lagonda; Rupert Riley and H. Gardiner, two large and burly he-men, in a Riley "Nine" (who got through from Athens in 1932 and covered all the most difficult part last year, being only defeated by snowdrifts which blocked their road in Hungary); and K. Bryde, Jnr., who is driving an Austin.



LORD DE CLIFFORD AND HIS $4\frac{1}{2}$-LITRE LAGONDA outside the R.A.C., Pall Mall. In our issue of January 10 we described his journey to Athens, his point of departure on January 20 for the Monte Carlo Rally. Lord de Clifford drove to Athens the reverse way of the Rally route, in order to survey the roads and the difficulties to be overcome. He is the tall figure on the left of our photograph.

I have entered an Essex Terraplane "Eight" jointly with Murray D. Scott, who makes lifts for a living; while J. W. Whalley, who has entered a Ford, is another keen English competitor in International events. Those two heroes of last year's Rally are to be together again in an M.G., W. E. Belgrave and M. T. Lacroze. Finally, a couple of Triumph Gloria cars will be taken through by Donald Healey (who has on various occasions been first, second, and seventh in the Monte Carlo Rally) and J. C. Ridley, who is competing for the first time.

LAGONDA CAR IN AMAZING HIGH SPEED EFFORT

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At last joy comes back to the by-pass: a new kind of effortless driving that makes a man long to leave the tea-cups and be away on the road again. A car that is an abundant excuse for the sin of pride in its owner, because it is the most successful car in the world.

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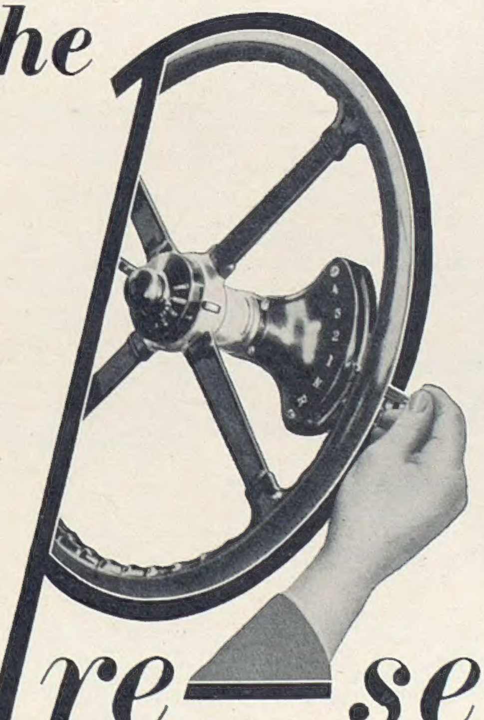

The 9 h.p. Riley from £298, the 9 h.p. Pre-selectagear Riley from £325, the Six-cylinder 12 h.p. Riley from £348, the Six-cylinder 12 h.p. Pre-selectagear Riley from £375, the Six-cylinder 14 h.p. Riley from £375, the Six-cylinder 14 h.p. Pre-selectagear Riley from £402. Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass standard.

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(See Page 124) 17/1/34.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DXXXVIII.

BRIDGE-PLAFOND SCORING.

"*MANY bids are merely matters of opinion upon which experts themselves do not agree.* In the play of the cards there rarely arises any doubt as to which should have been the correct play. I suggest, therefore, to my readers, as a New Year's resolution, that we should make a real effort *to improve our play of the cards, and for the time being give bidding systems a rest.*"

This is an extract from an article by one of the few whose opinion matters in the bridge world. The words I have italicised speak for themselves—they show which way the wind is blowing; they show that, at last, bidding systems are blown *on*—all of which proves that contract, run only for the benefit of system-mongers, has had its day. (Incidentally, it has been pointed out in these notes ever since contract was introduced that bidding systems were of secondary importance to the play of the cards. I said, and still say, that the best bidding system, unsupported by good play, would not stand a chance against no system backed up by high-class play; and of course it has yet to be shown that, outside card common-sense, there is a *best* system.)

Another item of equal importance is that Mr. Hal P. Sims is willing to drop his three-in-a-suit demand bid—or, rather, the response to that bid. The response to that opening *definitely* names certain cards, and I for one felt confident that, once it was pointed out that such a response was not in keeping with the ethics of the game, Mr. Sims would cut it out of his system. Mr. Sims is obviously far too fine a player to desire anything that might be considered a gesture contravening etiquette to be seen at the bridge-table. As I said a week or so ago, it had only to be pointed out that these slam methods were unsporting, to see *real card-players* cut them out immediately; anyhow, I think Mr. Sims put in this one artificial bid of his more as a joke than anything else. To make an original three-in-a-suit bid you require *ten certain* winners in your own hand, and that all but amounts to a joke, doesn't it?

Bridge-plafond is the same as contract in so far that, to win game, you must make a game bid. It is the same as auction as regards trick values and game value. Game is thirty, and the suits rank from six in clubs up to ten at no-trumps (majority calling). Honours, bonuses, and penalties differ in this way: for making contract, fifty points; each overtrick, fifty; each trick short of contract, 100 penalty; little slam, 100; grand slam, 200, *but slams need not be bid to be scored.* The first game is worth 100; the second (rubber) game, 400. Four honours in one hand count 100; four in one hand and the fifth in partner's count 150; five honours in one hand, 200; four aces in one hand, 200. There is no vulnerability.

Except for the scoring there is no difference between plafond, contract, and auction. The scoring sounds a little complicated, and it may be a pity that the trick values are not in round numbers—six, seven, eight, and nine are troublesome to add up; and I should think that the bonus of fifty for overtricks is out of proportion mathematically—thus it must be an infinitely better business proposition to play *one* club and score four clubs (156) than bid and make four clubs (twenty-four). It used to be the same at contract, but of course in a less marked degree. However, it is stupid to attempt a criticism of a game with the small knowledge that I personally have of it. At the same time, it strikes me as superior to contract in that you roughly know where you are at plafond; at that game you cannot very well lose (thanks to your own or partner's stupidity) a month's salary in one session, which has been done more often than once at contract. Let the gambling set say what they will, it is all the better for any partnership game when the possible losses (and wins, too) are kept within reason.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, JAN. 10.

ACROSS.—1. Village. 5. Ecstasy. 9. Chanced. 10. Tackler, 11. Tresses. 12. Routine. 14. Therm. 16. Desire. 18. Ibises. 19. Rodeo. 20. Excite. 23. Number. 27. Ochre. 30. Cantata. 31. Natural. 32. Preside. 33. Raiment. 34. Desists. 35. Endless.

DOWN.—1. Vacated. 2. Leaders. 3. Accuser. 4. Eldest. 5. Entire. 6. Succumb. 7. All lies. 8. Yorkers. 13. Orion. 15. Hider. 17. Erect. 20. Escaped. 21. Cinders. 22. Toadies. 24. Untried. 25. Burmese. 26. Relates. 28. Havens. 29. Entree.

MRS. FRANK HOLT, 10, Sefton Drive, Liverpool, was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle in our issue of Jan. 3 to be first opened on Monday morning, Jan. 8. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to her.

That an era of prosperity is returning is amply evidenced by official figures, but it is no less discernible in the social world, for the economies of a year or so ago are no longer countenanced. Once again only the best is demanded. Champagne—an essential contribution to every good party—is provided generously, and Charles Heidsieck's Extra Dry Champagne is a firm favourite everywhere. Connoisseurs know that the reputation of Charles Heidsieck stands by their 1923 and 1926 vintages, and appreciate the implied flattery when clever hosts offer them this brand.

"GOOD-NIGHT," SHE SAID. (Continued from Page 122.)

what you like," he instructed her. As she sat eating slowly, he regarded her closely. Curious, she knew he was appraising her, and somehow she didn't mind.

The little man got up. He strode up and down the room, with his hands folded behind his back. How dull! Jennifer found herself masticating each mouthful forty-seven times, by way of diversion. The little man stopped walking. His manner underwent a change. He stood with his thumbs stuck in his waistcoat armholes. "Ever made pictures?" he snapped.—"No. . . ."

"Can you act?"—"No. I mean, I've never tried. . . ."

"Wait a minute!" The little man seized a telephone.

Crazy! He'd got telephonitis, obviously!

"Say . . . put me through to Mr. Raymond Montague, will ya? . . . Hello, there, Ray! This is Hyram. . . . Come right down, big boy. I've got the virgin, son, right here! And what d'you know about that? Yes, Sir!"

Jennifer started nervously to her feet. She was alone with a lunatic. . . . "Get the hell outa here," he snarled. "Sit, sister!"

Better do as he told her. . . . Keep him calm. Perhaps Raymond Montague was his keeper. Raymond Montague? Surely she had heard the name. Raymond Montague. . . . RAYMOND MONTAGUE! Why, he'd played opposite Garbo for ages! And Schmidt. . . . Hyram Schmidt—PRODUCER! Why, he was world-famous. . . . Her heart thumped madly.

The door opened. In strode the handsome hero of the screen. He smiled cheerily at Jennifer. "Well, Hy, spill the dope."

"Miss—er—Stanley, Mr. Montague. . . ."

"Glad to know you!" Her hand was gripped warmly.

"Listen, Ray; ain't this baby the cat's whiskers? And to think you and me's been seeing virgin after virgin these three weeks with never a break! One look at her, and all the boys would write fan letters. Dumb, but beautiful! And talks English, my boy—jest laike thet! What we've come all this way to find."

"I'm with you, Hy."

"Pardon me." Jennifer was very dignified. "I'm neither a virgin nor am I dumb. And I don't talk 'laike thet'!"

"Sure you ain't! But you've got the goods, baby. Don't you read the news, honey? Well, Hyram Schmidt's goin' to make a star! Ain't I, Ray? Gonna make a picture—Ray here will lead—but we been stuck. Gotta have a virgin—English, or, of course, we'd have raised one ourselves back home."

"Sure," agreed Ray.—"And, what's more—no more runnin' round paying calls on strange gentlemen at this hour when you're workin' for me! I'm telling you. . . ."

Jennifer's eyes twinkled. "Supposing we come to terms to-morrow?" She turned sweetly to Hyram Schmidt. "You know my number, don't you?" She gave them both a ravishing smile.

"Good-night," she said. [THE END.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN" (St. James's). 8.30.—Comedy. Edith Evans, Louise Hampton.

"TEN-MINUTE ALIBI" (Haymarket). 8.30.—Thriller. Robert Douglas.

"RICHARD OF BORDEAUX" (New). 8.15.—Historical play. John Gielgud, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies.

"THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Henry VIII. brought to life by Frank Vosper.

"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME" (Queen's). 8.40.—Satirical comedy; with a marvellous part for Marie Tempest.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"ESCAPE ME NEVER" (Apollo). 8.30. —Variation on the "Constant Nymph" theme, to display Elisabeth Bergner.

"AFTERWARDS" (Whitehall). 8.30.—Walter Hackett's farce. Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, Gordon Harker.

"WHILE PARENTS SLEEP" (Playhouse). 8.40. Farcical comedy.

"FRESH FIELDS" (Criterion). 8.30.—Comedy. Lilian Braithwaite, Ellis Jeffreys.

"REUNION IN VIENNA" (Lyric). 8.30.—By Robert E. Sherwood; with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

"THAT'S A PRETTY THING" (Daly's). 8.15.—Lively musical farce by Stanley Lupino. George Gee; a diamond necklace with several replicas; and theft.

"NICE GOINGS ON" (Strand). 8.30.—Leslie Hensonic farce with music; plus Robertson Hare, Zelma O'Neal, Sidney Fairbrother, and Marjorie Brooks.

"NYMPH ERRANT" (Adelphi). 8.30.—James Laver's novel, with music and decoration. Gertrude Lawrence.

"A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN" (Piccadilly). 8.30.—James Bridie's clever play of heredity. Brilliant acting by well-cast company. Ernest Thesiger, Dorice Fordred, Robert Donat, Bruce Belfrage.

"LABURNUM GROVE" (Duchess). 8.30. —Edmund Gwenn, excelling himself in J. B. Priestley's ingenious crook-comedy, lets out his sinister secret in the third act.

As they are generally regarded as Christmas entertainments rather than as plays, we have not included in our lists the following West End productions: "QUEEN OF HEARTS" (Lyceum); "TREASURE ISLAND" (Comedy: matinées); "WHAT HAPPENED TO GEORGE" (Wyndham's); "CHARLEY'S AUNT" (Gaiety); "BABES IN THE WOOD" (Scala); "TOAD OF TOAD HALL" (Royalty: matinées); "PETER PAN" (Palladium: matinées); "HANSEL AND GRETEL" (Cambridge). All are worth seeing.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"LADY FOR A DAY" (Coliseum).—May Robson and Warren Williams in a grown-up fairy-tale.

"I'M NO ANGEL" (Carlton).—Mae West.

"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII." (Leicester Square Theatre).—Charles Laughton reveals the lighter side of history.

"THUNDER OVER MEXICO" (Marble Arch Pavilion).—Beauty and power in Eisenstein's American production.

"THE MASCOT" (Marble Arch Pavilion).—A clever fantasy with a "model" company.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"THE BOWERY" (New Gallery).—Wallace Beery and George Raft bossing the Bowery.

"VOLTAIRE" (Regal).—A typical George Arliss picture, finely staged.

"CLIMBING MOUNT EVEREST" (Polytechnic).—Chronicle of 1933 expedition.

"BED OF ROSES" (Plaza).—For the polished personality of Constance Bennett.

"EVERYWOMAN'S MAN" (Empire).—Plenty of punch in a boxing drama.

"SON OF A SAILOR" (Capitol).—Nautical adventures of Joe E. Brown.

"BROADWAY THRU' A KEYHOLE" (Tivoli).—Constance Cummings in a story of night-club life.

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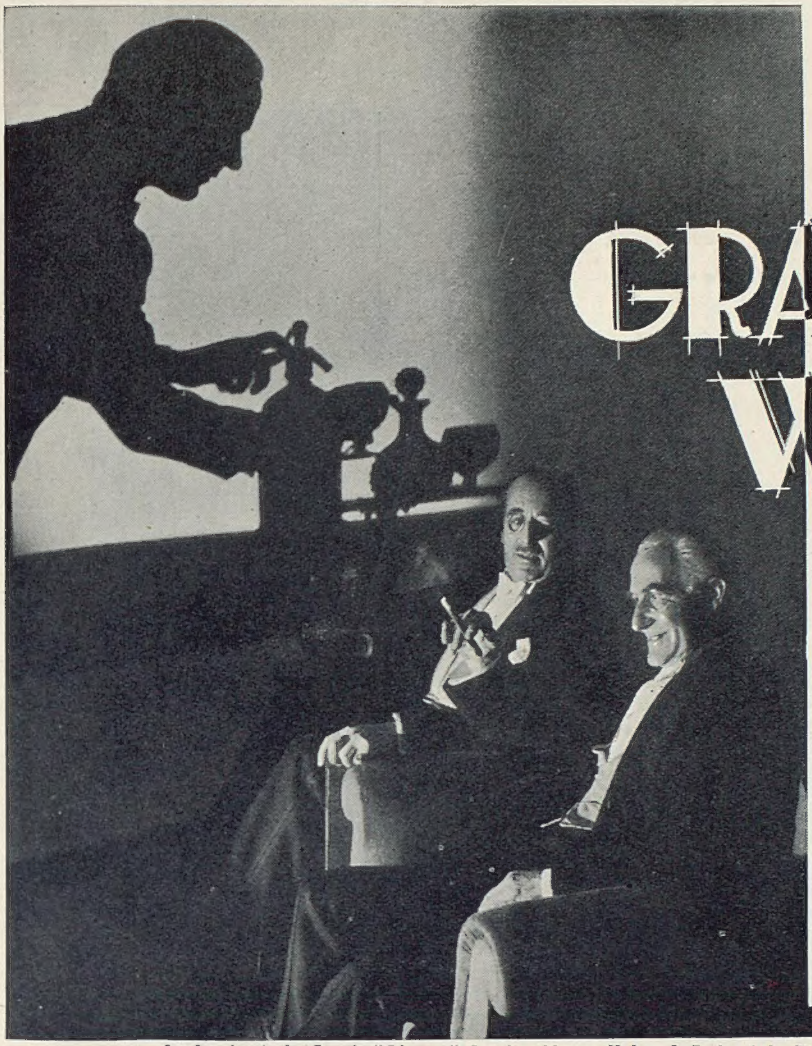

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